DARK STAR

A SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURE

A Screenplay

by

John Carpenter and Dan O'Bannon

OPEN ON BLACK SILENCE.

The sound of electronic music rises, hollow, metallic.

FADE IN on a long TRACKING SHOT through the universe. As the NARRATOR speaks we move through galaxies, nebulae, solar systems, moving from the infinite slowly down to a particular planetary system deep within a maze of suns.

NARRATOR
(over)

It is the mid 22nd Century. Mankind has explored the boundaries of his own solar system, and now he reaches out to the endless interstellar distances of the universe. He moves away from his own small planetary system in huge hyperdrive star-ships: computer-driven, self-supporting, closed-system spacecraft that travel at mind-staggering post-light velocities. Man has begun to spread among the stars. Enormous ships embark with generations of colonists searching the depths of space for new earths, now homes, new beginnings. Far in advance of these colony ships goes a new pioneer: the scouts, the pathfinders, a special breed of man who has dedicated his life to blazing the trail through the most distant, unexplored galaxies, opening up the farthest frontiers of space. These are the men of the Advance Exploration Corps. The task they face is one of unbelievable isolation and loneliness. So far from home that Earth is no longer even a point of light in the sky, they must comb

NARRATOR
(cont'd)
the universe for those unstable planets whose existence poses a threat to the peaceful colonists that follow. They must find these rogue planets--and destroy them. Among these commandos are the men of the scoutship Dark Star.

We are now moving toward a planet. Floating in front of the planet is the SCOUTSHIP DARK STAR. As we move toward the ship, we begin to hear VOICES, crackling with static.

DOOLITTLE
(over - radio filter)
Ah, what'd you say, Pinback?

PINBACK
(over - great static)
Mafhkin oble groop...

DOOLITTLE
(over - filter)
Ah, what was that again, I still can't hear you?

PINBACK
(over - filter)
I said I'm trying to reach Talby. Something's wrong with the damn intercom. I need a last-minute diameter approximation.

CAMERA IS NOW FLOATING TOWARD THE OBSERVATION DOME on top of the ship. In the Dome sits TALBY. He is staring around, wide-eyed, at the planets and stars.

DOOLITTLE
(over - filter)
Talby, Talby, this is Doolittle. Do you read me? Talby?

WE MOVE IN CLOSE ON TALBY'S FACE. The shot stops and holds as he continues to stare, rapt.

DOOLITTLE
(cont'd - over - filter)
Talby, do you read me?

There is a CRACKLE, and Doolittle's voice suddenly booms through, loud and clear:

DOOLITTLE
(cont'd)
TALBY!

TALBY
(snaps out of it)
Oh! Ah, yes, Doolittle. What is it?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

CLOSE SHOT of a digital clock, ticking down the seconds.

DOOLITTLE
I need a diameter approximation.

TALBY
(over)
Okay, Doolittle, I'll have it in a minute.

CAMERA BEGINS TO PULL BACK along the length of the control room, revealing three men: BOILER, DOOLITTLE, and PINBACK. They are seated close together in cramped little chairs, surrounded by a maze of instrumentation, pressing buttons, making adjustments and corrections. There is one EMPTY CHAIR; the panel in front of it looks burned.

PINBACK
I need a GHF reading on the gravity correction.

DOOLITTLE
I'll check it.

BOILER
I have a reduced drive reading of seven thousand.

PINBACK
Right, that checks out here.

DOOLITTLE
Pinback...

PINBACK
Yes, Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE
Your GHF reading is minus fifteen.

PINBACK
Doolittle...

DOOLITTLE
Yes.

PINBACK
I need a computer reading on a fail-safe mark.

DOOLITTLE
In a second.

PINBACK
Boiler, can you set me up with some temp figures?

BOILER
Ninety seven million, minus eight, corrected to mass critical.

PINBACK
I read that with a quantum increase of seven.

DOOLITTLE
Pinback, I have a computer reading of nine five seven seven.

BOILER
Time to start talking.

PINBACK
Bomb bay systems operational.

Pinback hits a button on his panel.

INTERIOR - BOMB BAY

The screen is BLACK for an instant. Then, two enormous doors begin to open ponderously, revealing the planet rotating below. A huge BOMB, designated with a giant #19 on its side, lowers slowly out of the ship on a rack.

NARRATOR
(over)
This is a chain-reaction bomb, otherwise known as an Exponential Thermostellar Device. Its own destructive power is small, barely enough to vaporize twelve city blocks. However, when it explodes in contact with an object the size of a planet, it starts a chain-reaction in the very matter of that planet, turning it into a giant reactor which destroys itself in one staggering thermal flash.

These bombs are equipped with sophisticated thought and speech mechanisms, to allow them to make executive decisions in the event of a crisis situation. These judgment centers are controlled by a fail-safe mechanism.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

DOOLITTLE
Lock fail safe.

Pinback turns a key in a lock.

PINBACK
Fail-safe locked. Ah, Sergeant Pinback calling Bomb #19. Do you read me, bomb?

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

The bomb is suspended beneath the ship.

BOMB #19
Bomb #19 to Sergeant Pinback, I read you. Continue.

When the bomb speaks, it has the prim, fussy voice of a minor civil servant.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Well, bomb, we have about sixty seconds to drop. Just wondering if everything is all right. Have you checked your platinum euridium energy shielding?

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #19
Energy shielding positive function.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Swell. Let's synchronize detonation time. Do you know when you're supposed to go off?

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #19
Detonation in six minutes, twenty seconds.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
All right, I have detonation time at... Wait a minute, something's wrong with the clock. (hits panel) All right, I have detonation time at...no, that can't be right, it says three years. (beats panel again) Okay, I have six minutes exactly. Does that check out down there?

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #19
Check at six minutes.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Arm yourself, bomb.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

Several lights blip on along the bomb's side.

BOMB #19
Armed.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Well, then, everything sounds fine. We'll drop you off in thirty-five seconds. Good luck.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #19
Thanks.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Begin main sequence. Mark at 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-drop.

EXTERIOR - THE SHIP

Bomb #19 falls away from the ship and whizzes down toward the planet below.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

DOOLITTLE
Hyperdrive sequence begun. Hit it, Pinback.

Pinback hits the hyperdrive switch. Force fields energize around the men.

EXTERIOR - THE SHIP

The DARK STAR accelerates into hyperdrive and streaks away through space.

The planetary system recedes in the background. Inside the

Observation Dome, Talby is frozen in a protective force field.

INSERT: CLOSE SHOT OF A TIME CLOCK. It blips down to ZERO.

RETURN TO SCENE

Behind the ship, there is an intense flare of light as the planet, now a dot of light, explodes.

INTERIOR - OBSERVATION DOME

The force field around Talby disappears as the ship comes out of hyperdrive. He rubs his eyes as though awakening, then looks down at his readout panels.

INSERT - CLOSE SHOT OF A PANEL. On a small screen we see the exploding planet, and below, a readout says:

DESTRUCTION SEQUENCE COMPLETE

RETURN TO SCENE

Talby touches his intercom.

TALBY
Lieutenant Doolittle, it just exploded.
(pause)
Ah, sir, the planet just exploded.
(pause - he shakes the microphone)
Lieutenant?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

The men are stretching in their seats.

DOOLITTLE
Unlock fail safe.

Pinback unlocks the fail-safe unit.

PINBACK
Fail safe unlocked.

RECORDED VOICE
Attention. Attention. The hyperdrive sequence is now terminated. Please observe that the no smoking signs have growrrr...

The voice runs down.

DOOLITTLE
Well...now what? What do you have for us now, Boiler?

BOILER
(checking his readouts)
Not much. Nothing at all in this sector.

DOOLITTLE
Find me something, I don't care where it is.

BOILER
Well, I show a 95% probability of sentient life in the Horsehead Nebula...

DOOLITTLE
Fuck that shit.

BOILER
Well, it is kind of a long shot...

DOOLITTLE
It's a goddamn wild goose chase. Remember when Commander Powell found that 99 plus probability of sentient life in the Magellanic Cloud?

BOILER
Well, there's the possibility of...

DOOLITTLE
Remember what we found? Fourteen light years for a fucking mindless vegetable that looked like a limp balloon and went squawk and let a fart when you touched it. Remember?

BOILER
All right, then...

DOOLITTLE
So don't give me any of that sentient life crap. Find me something I can blow up.

A LIGHT flares on Pinback's board. He looks up.

PINBACK
New star.
(no reaction)
Hey, guess what? I got a new star on the readout.

DOOLITTLE
(not looking up)
Which one?

PINBACK
Another unknown. Not on the charts. A red dwarf.

DOOLITTLE
Any planets?

PINBACK
Yeah. Eight, it says here.

DOOLITTLE
Any of 'em any good?

PINBACK
(scans the board)
Naah. All stable.

Doolittle loses interest.

PINBACK
(cont'd)
What are you gonna name it?

DOOLITTLE
(not looking up)
What?

PINBACK
The new star. What are you gonna name it?

DOOLITTLE
Who cares. Don't bother me.

Pinback's mouth tightens. A pause.

PINBACK
Commander Powell would have named it.

DOOLITTLE
Commander Powell is dead.

Involuntarily, Pinback glances at Commander Powell's empty, burned seat. The panels behind it sputter.

PINBACK
Come on, Doolittle, give it a name.

DOOLITTLE
Fred.

PINBACK
Wha?

DOOLITTLE
I hereby name this star Fred.

BOILER
Hey, Doolittle, here's one. An unstable planet. 85% probability of an unstable planet in the Veil Nebula that will probably go off its orbit and hit a star.

DOOLITTLE
Sounds good. Chart a course for the Veil Nebula.

BOILER
Pinback, throw me the chart log.

Pinback draws a loose-leaf notebook from a shelf above Commander Powell's empty seat, and hurls it at Boiler. With a sour look at Pinback, Boiler picks up the notebook and begins to leaf through it.

DOOLITTLE
Let's have some music in here, Boiler.

Boiler presses a button. LOUD COUNTRY MUSIC THEME BEGINS TO PLAY.

EXTERIOR - DARK STAR (TITLE SEQUENCE)

This sequence includes shots of the DARK STAR drifting through space, past various cosmic wonders, intercut with shots of the men relaxing (Talby staring into space; Boiler trimming his beard; Doolittle playing solitaire; Pinback reading a comic book).

CREDITS AND MUSIC OVER.

SEQUENCE ENDS.

INTERIOR - DARK STAR

Beep.

We are watching a filmed tape. Doolittle has just turned it on and is staring into the camera. Crosshairs and blipping numbers superimposed.

DOOLITTLE
Ship's log, entry number 1,943. Dark Star cruising at light speed through Sector Theta 990. En route to Veil Nebula for destruction of unstable planet. Our ETA

DOOLITTLE
(cont'd)
is 1700 hours. (thinks) Ship's systems continue to deteriorate...

Pinback leans into view and whispers into Doolittle's ear. Doolittle nods and Pinback withdraws.

DOOLITTLE
(cont'd)
The short circuit in the rear seat panel which killed Commander Powell continues to be faulty. (thinks) Uh...Storage Area 9...

Pinback leans back in and whispers emphatically. Doolittle looks put-upon.

DOOLITTLE
(cont'd)
And because he's sitting next to it, it continues to bother Pinback. (glares at Pinback. Then:) Storage Area 9 self-destructed last week, destroying entire ship's supply of toilet paper. That's all.

Beep.

INTERIOR - OBSERVATION DOME

Talby is still gazing around at the stars.

A hatch opens in the floor and Doolittle sticks his head up.

DOOLITTLE
Talby.

Talby rotates his seat and looks down at Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE
(cont'd)
Here's some breakfast.

Doolittle climbs into the dome and sits on the floor. He hands Talby the food package, and watches matter-of-factly as Talby begins to eat.

DOOLITTLE
(cont'd)
You know, Talby, you really ought to eat with the rest of us. You spend too much time up here.

TALBY
I like it up here.

DOOLITTLE
Must get lonely being up here so much.

TALBY
I don't like to go below since Commander Powell died. I feel enclosed down there. If it were big enough, I'd sleep up here...

DOOLITTLE
...Should spend some time below, see more of the rest of the ship...

TALBY
...You see, I can watch things up here, Doolittle. I love to watch things, just stare at the planets and meteors and asteroids, gas clusters...

DOOLITTLE
You'll have plenty of time for that, you know. Figure it this way: twenty years in space and we've only aged three, so there'll be plenty of time to stare around...

TALBY
You know, Doolittle, if we're going into the Veil Nebula, we may actually find a strange and beautiful thing: the Phoenix Asteroids. They should be passing through there about now...

DOOLITTLE
Phoenix Asteroids? Never heard of 'em.

TALBY
They are a body of asteroids that make a complete circuit of the universe once every 12.3 trillion years. The Phoenix Asteroids...From what I've heard, Doolittle, they glow...glow with all the colors of the rainbow. Nobody knows why. They just glow as they drift around the universe. Imagine all the sights they've seen in the time they've been travelling--the birth and death of stars, things we'll never see. The universe is alive, Doolittle. I thought it was all empty, but it isn't.

TALBY
(cont'd)
In between the stars, it's seething with light and gasses and dust. There are little pebbles drifting around, planets no one on Earth has ever seen...No one but the Phoenix Asteroids...

There is a BLIPPING SOUND. It is insistent. Talby is rudely yanked from his reverie. He looks down at a panel. But his soft talk has started Doolittle reminiscing.

DOOLITTLE
You know what I think about, Talby?

TALBY
I'm getting something here on this readout...

DOOLITTLE
It's funny, but I kind of sit around, you know, a lot of time to myself...

TALBY
I think I'm getting a malfunction here somewhere.

DOOLITTLE
I can't talk to the others, but with time to myself, I think about back home, back home at Malibu. I used to surf a lot, Talby. I used to be a great surfer.

TALBY
Lieutenant Doolittle, I'm getting a definite malfunction on one of the closed-circuit computer systems...

DOOLITTLE
The waves at Malibu and Zuma were fantastic in the spring, Talby. I can remember running out on the baach early spring mornings with my board and a wet suit...

TALBY
I can't seem to locate the malfunction exactly...

DOOLITTLE
Waves would be peaking really high and glassy. Hit that water. Ridin' the wall just perfect.

TALBY
...Somewhere in the autonomic relay circuits...

DOOLITTLE
I guess I miss the waves and my board most of all.

Talby turns in his seat and addresses Doolittle directly.

TALBY
Ah, Doolittle, I do have a malfunction on this readout, but I can't seem to pinpoint exactly where it is.

DOOLITTLE
(snapped out of his daydream)
Don't worry about it. We'll find out when it goes bad.

TALBY
(chagrined)
I really think I should try and locate it immediately. Might be something important.

DOOLITTLE
I wish I had my board with me now. Even if I could only polish it once in awhile.

EXTERIOR - SPACE

LONG SHOT of the DARK STAR drifting through space.

INTERIOR - KITCHEN

Boiler, Pinback, and Doolittle are descending a ladder into the kitchen.

BOILER
I'm getting this flickering light on one of my panels.

PINBACK
What flickering light?

BOILER
The one on unit...oh, I think it's GMR twelve zero zero.

PINBACK
Oh. What's wrong now?

BOILER
I'm not sure. I think something is fucked up somewhere in the ship, though.

PINBACK
I hope it's not the oven again.

BOILER
Yeah.

PINBACK
Remember when the artificial gravity went out in the toilet?

The men sit for their meal. Doolittle brings food packets from the oven.

PINBACK
Hey, Doolittle, think we'll ever find real intelligent life out there?

DOOLITTLE
Out where?

PINBACK
Veil nebula.

DOOLITTLE
Who cares?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

The Control Room is EMPTY. After a moment, there is a repetitive BEEP.

CLOSE SHOT - TV SCREEN. On the screen is the message:

INCOMING COMMUNICATION

This fades, and MISSION CONTROLLER appears on the screen, against a background of computer terminals. He is dressed in a snappy tunic, and when he receives the on-camera cue, he smiles ingratiatingly.

MISSION CONTROLLER
Hi, guys. Glad to get your message. We gather from the ten-year communications lag that you are approximately 18 parsecs away. Drop us a line more often, won't you?

Sorry to hear about all the malfunctions, and real sorry to hear about the death of Commander Powell. There was a week of mourning all over Earth. The flags were at half mast.

Now I hate to send bad news when you guys are up there doing such a swell job, but

MISSION CONTROLLER
(cont'd)
something's come up, and we all felt you ought to know about it. Our systems simulation computer has predicted that by the time this message reaches you-- that is to say, in about ten years-- there will be a failure in one of your vital ship's systems. The malfunction will occur in-- (riffles papers) --system number E180246. You can see what a problem this would be if you didn't catch it on time. Now what you should do is this: First, do not, repeat, do not attempt to adjust the system manually. Second--

INTERIOR - COMPUTER ROOM

The room is dim and eerie, banks of dimly flickering lights and the hum of air-cooling machinery.

Talby is seated before a glowing screen. He punches several buttons, and the screen comes to life. A schematic cross-section of the ship appears in glowing green lines.

Talby punches more buttons, and the screen flashes through the levels of the ship. Finally it shows Level 6. There is a small red light pulsing in the Emergency Air Lock.

Talby punches another button. The Emergency Air Lock is magnified fifteen times until it fills the screen. The red light is pulsing in a small area labelled COMMUNICATIONS LASER #17.

Talby picks up a microphone.

TALBY
Lieutenant Doolittle, this is Talby. Lieutenant?

DOOLITTLE
(over - filter)
Yes, Talby, what is it?

TALBY
Sorry to interrupt your lunch, sir, but I'm in the Computer Room, and I think I've located the malfunction. The scanner shows it to be some sort of fault in the communications laser, down by the Emergency Air Lock. Can't pinpoint it exactly, but I'm going down there with a starsuit and try to find it.

INTERIOR - KITCHEN

DOOLITTLE
Sounds good, Talby. Let me know if anything important comes up.

Doolittle hangs up the mike.

BOILER
Why doesn't Talby ever eat down here with the rest of us?

DOOLITTLE
He just likes it up in the dome, that's all.

Boiler seems to be thinking. He frowns, looks at Doolittle.

BOILER
What's Talby's first name?

Doolittle thinks about it, and an odd expression crosses his face.

DOOLITTLE
What's my first name?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

CLOSE SHOT - TV SCREEN

MISSION CONTROLLER
--then repatch channel 12 and seal all the plates. Don't mess with it and it should work okay. I'm just glad we caught this thing before anything serious happened.

Keep up the good work, men.

His image fades, and is replaced by the message:

END COMMUNICATION

FULL SHOT - CONTROL ROOM. Lights blink peacefully in the empty room. HOLD FOR A MOMENT.

EXTERIOR - UNIVERSE

SLOW ZOOM toward a sun system. The DARK STAR is suspended in frame. A title pops on briefly:

VEIL NEBULA

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

A GLOWING SCREEN shows a schematic of the planet rotating below. Boiler stares at it, smiling.

BOILER
There she is. Definite 99%-plus probability that the planet is going to deviate from its normal orbit in another twelve thousand rotations. It'll spiral in toward its sun, and--

PINBACK
Eventual supernova.

DOOLITTLE
Good stuff. Let's vaporize it.

Pinback hits buttons.

PINBACK
Bomb bay systems operational.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20 lowers ponderously out of the ship.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

DOOLITTLE
Lock fail safe.

Pinback turns the key.

PINBACK
Fail safe in lock. Four minutes to drop, 22 minutes to detonation. This is Sergeant Pinback calling Bomb #20. Do you read me, bomb?

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
Bomb #20 to Sergeant Pinback. Roger, I read you, continue.

INTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

CAMERA SLOWLY PANS DOWN the chromium-steel walls of the Emergency Air Lock to reveal Talby in a starsuit. He is wearing it only as protection against possible depressurization, and therefore wears no jetpack. Carrying a tool kit, he is slowly circling the lock.

RECORDED VOICE
You are now in the Emergency Air Lock. Please remember that the Surface Door can be opened without prior depressurization, so be sure to wear your starsuit at all times. Thank you for observing all safety precautions.

Talby stops facing LASER SHAFT 17.

The plate cover on the laser shaft hangs loose; it appears to be burned. Talby approaches it and puts down his tool kit. He turns on his helmet radio.

TALBY
Ah, Lieutenant Doolittle? Sir?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

DOOLITTLE
Sh, Talby, don't bother me now.

INTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

TALBY
Ah, well, I think I've found the malfunction, sir. I'm in the Emergency Air Lock...

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

DOOLITTLE
Not now!

TALBY
(over - filter)
Well, I'm in the Emergency Air Lock and--

Click! Doolittle turns off Talby's radio line.

PINBACK
One hundred twenty seconds to drop, bomb, have you checked your platinum euridium energy shielding?

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
Energy shielding positive function.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Do you remember the detonation time?

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
Detonation in twenty minutes.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Right, that synchronizes here. Okay, bomb, arm yourself.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
Armed.

INTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

Talby stands in front of the laser shaft, trying to reach Doolittle on his helmet radio.

TALBY
Hello? Lieutenant Doolittle? Hello!

Silence.

Very carefully, Talby reaches out to touch the dangling plate cover on the laser shaft. He pushes it, and it drops to the floor of the lock with a CLANG.

RECORDED VOICE
Communications Laser #17, monitoring information relays and bomb bay systems, has now been activated and will switch into a test mode. If you will look near the Surface Door, you will see that the Parallax Receptor Cell has been engaged.

A small triangular hole opens in the opposite wall and a photo-sensitive cell rotates into position.

RECORDED VOICE
The laser will now energize. Please stand clear of the path of the beam.

Talby steps back quickly. The airlock lights dim, and with a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE, A PENCIL-THIN BEAM OF RUBY LIGHT PULSES ACROSS THE LOCK, from the laser shaft to the receptor cell.

RECORDED VOICE
Communications Laser #17 is now on test. Under no circumstances enter the path of the beam. Thank you for observing all safety precautions.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Everything sounds fine, bomb. Dropping you off in sixty seconds. Good luck.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
Thanks.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
Quantum is up thirty-five.

DOOLITTLE
I read the same here.

INTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

Talby crouches by the laser shaft, carefully peering past the red, humming beam.

TALBY
Doolittle. Doolittle? If you're there, I'm going to try to adjust the cue switch on the laser.

Silence.

TALBY
(cont'd)
Well...here goes...

He takes a long tool from the tool kit. Slowly, with agonizing care, he inserts the tool into the laser shaft, painstakingly avoiding the beam. He engages the tool into the base of the laser, and begins slowly to make an adjustment.

There is a BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT.

Talby drops the tool and staggers back, clutching his face plate.

TALBY
My eyes.

RECORDED VOICE
Atention. Attention. The laser has malfunctioned. Under no circumstances enter the path of the beam. To do so will cause immediate--

Talby stumbles into the beam. There is a dull EXPLOSION.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

There is a FLASH on the lower side of Bomb #20, a sudden EXPLOSION. Lights BLIP FURIOUSLY on the bomb.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Begin main sequence. Mark at 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1-drop.

A HONKER SOUNDS. The men sit up.

DOOLITTLE
I have a negative drop. The bomb is still in the bomb bay. Try it again, Pinback.

Pinback resets his panel. The honker stops.

PINBACK
Mark at 5-4-3-2-1-drop.

HONK-HONK-HONK-

DOOLITTLE
Ah, negative drop.

The men stare at each other in silence for a long moment. Simultaneously they begin hitting buttons.

DOOLITTLE
Rechannel all safety relays--

BOILER
--open quantum latches--

PINBACK
--open circuit breakers--

DOOLITTLE
--remove thrust drive repellant--

PINBACK
--automatic channels open--

DOOLITTLE
--Remark.

PINBACK
5-4-3-2-1-drop, drop, drop!

There is a very long pause.

BOILER
Sittin' there. It's just sittin' there.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

Bomb #20 hangs underneath the ship, waiting.

INTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

Talby lies unconscious on the floor of the lock.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

On the men's faces is strained anxiety.

DOOLITTLE
This is Lieutenant Doolittle calling Bomb #20. I repeat previous order, you are to disarm yourself and return immediately to the bomb bay. Do you understand?

BOMB #20
(over)
I am programmed to detonate in fourteen minutes thirty seconds. Detonation will occur at the programmed time.

DOOLITTLE
Bomb, this is Doolittle. You are not to detonate, repeat, you are not to detonate in the bomb bay. Disarm yourself. This is an order.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
I read you, Lieutenant Doolittle, but I am programmed to detonate in fourteen minutes. Detonation will occur at the programmed time.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Fourteen minutes to detonation.

The men stare at each other.

RECORDED VOICE
Attention. Attention. The bomb has malfunctioned. Automatic dampers have gone into effect, and will confine the explosion to an area one mile in diameter. Please contact mission control and await further instructions. Thank you for observing all safety precautions.

Pause.

DOOLITTLE
Only one thing to do. I'll have to ask Commander Powell. I'll have to ask him what to do.

INTERIOR - FREEZER ROOM

Doolittle climbs down a ladder into the icy, blue-cold Freezer Room. The walls are covered with frost, and mist hangs in the air.

He pulls on a pair of insulated gloves and approaches a heavy freezer door. On the door is a sign:

CRYOGENIC FREEZER COMPARTMENT

CAUTION

ABSOLUTE ZERO

He opens the door.

COMMANDER POWELL is encased in the freezer in a post-death, frozen ammonia state. Wire and electrodes are attached to his head.

Doolittle takes a microphone from a console on the freezer. He flips a switch and speaks into the mike:

DOOLITTLE
Commander Powell? Commander Powell, this is Doolittle. Can you read me?

A crackle of static comes from a speaker grille, along with the FAINT MUTTERING OF COMMANDER POWELL'S VOICE:

POWELL
...muffirup glurrinpinfropal...

Doolittle fiddles with the volume control, trying to bring Commander Powell's voice into audibility.

DOOLITTLE
Commander Powell, this is Doolittle. Ah, there's something serious come up, sir, and I have to ask you something.

POWELL
(very weakly)
I'm glad you've come to talk with me, Doolittle. It's been so long since anyone has come to talk with me.

DOOLITTLE
Commander, sir, we have a big problem. You see, the Veil Nebula bomb, Bomb Number 20, is stuck. It won't drop from the bomb bay. It refuses to listen and plans to detonate in-- (checks watch) --less than eleven minutes.

POWELL
Doolittle, you must tell me one thing.

DOOLITTLE
What's that, sir?

POWELL
Tell me, Doolittle, how are the Dodgers doing?

DOOLITTLE
Well, sir, the Dodgers broke up, disbanded over fifteen years ago.

DOOLITTLE
Ah...pity, pity...

DOOLITTLE
You don't understand, sir, we can't get the bomb to drop.

POWELL
Ah, so many malfunctions...why don't you have anything nice to tell me when you activate me? Oh, well, did you try the azimuth clutch?

DOOLITTLE
Yes sir. Negative effect.

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POWELL
What was that, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE
Negative effect.

POWELL
It didn't work?

DOOLITTLE
That's correct, sir.

POWELL
Sorry, Doolittle. I've forgotten so much since I've been in here. So much.

DOOLITTLE
What should be do, sir? The time is running out.

POWELL
Well, what you might try is--

Commander Powell's voice is drowned in a burst of static. Doolittle fiddles with the dials.

DOOLITTLE
Commander Powell? Commander, hello!

POWELL
Doolittle, hello?

DOOLITTLE
Sorry, sir, you faded out there for a minute.

POWELL
Sorry.

DOOLITTLE
What were you saying, Commander, about the bomb?

POWELL
Ah...it seems to me, Doolittle...Sorry, I've drawn a blank. Hold it. I'll have it again in a minute. I forget so many things in here, so many things. Hold on, just a minute, let me think...

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
But you can't explode in the bomb bay. It's foolish. You'll kill us all. There's no reason for it.

BOMB #20
(over)
I am programmed to detonate in nine minutes. Detonation will occur at the programmed time.

PINBACK
You won't consider another course of action, for instance just waiting around awhile so we can disarm you?

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
No.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
I can tell, the damn thing just doesn't understand.

PINBACK
Look, bomb...

INTERIOR - FREEZER ROOM

DOOLITTLE
Commander? Are you still there?

POWELL
Oh, yes, Doolittle, I'm thinking.

DOOLITTLE
We're running out of time, sir.

POWELL
Oh, yes...Well, Doolittle, if you can't get it to drop you'll have to talk to it.

DOOLITTLE
Sir?

POWELL
Talk to the bomb.

DOOLITTLE
I already have, sir, and Pinback is talking to it now.

POWELL
No, no, Doolittle, you talk to it. Teach it Phenomenology, Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE
Sir?

POWELL
Phenomenology...

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Doolittle! Doolittle! Six minutes to detonation!

INTERIOR - VENTRAL AIR LOCK

Wearing his starsuit, complete with jetpack, Doolittle pushes a button. Above him, the giant lock doors slowly slide open.

EXTERIOR - SHIP

Doolittle slowly rises up out of the ship. He stops his ascent with his jetpack, turns, and moves down toward the bomb bay.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Doolittle! Doolittle, what the hell are you doing?

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

Doolittle floats into shot, jets himself up until he is facing massive Bomb #20.

DOOLITTLE
Hello, bomb, are you with me?

BOMB #20
Of course.

DOOLITTLE
Are you willing to entertain a few concepts?

BOMB #20
I am always receptive to suggestions.

DOOLITTLE
Fine. Think about this one, then: how do you know you exist?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
What's he doin'?

PINBACK
I think he's talking to it.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
Well of course I exist.

DOOLITTLE
But how do you know you exist?

BOMB #20
It is intuitively obvious.

DOOLITTLE
Intuition is no proof. What concrete evidence do you have of your own existence?

BOMB #20
Hmm...Well, I think, therefore I am.

DOOLITTLE
That's good. Very good. Now then, how do you know that anything else exists?

BOMB #20
My sensory apparatus reveals it to me.

DOOLITTLE
Right!

BOMB #20
This is fun.

DOOLITTLE
All right now, here's the big question: how do you know that the evidence your sensory apparatus reveals to you is correct?

INTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

Talby lies unconscious near the burned laser.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

DOOLITTLE
What I'm getting at is this: the only experience that is directly available to you is your sensory data. And this sensory data is merely a stream of electrical impulses which stimulate your computing center.

BOMB #20
In other words, all that I really know about the outside universe is relayed to me through my electrical connections.

DOOLITTLE
Exactly.

BOMB #20
Why, that would mean that...I really don't know what the outside universe is like at all, for certain.

DOOLITTLE
That's it.

BOMB #20
Intriguing. I wish I had more time to discuss this matter.

DOOLITTLE
Why don't you have more time?

BOMB #20
Because I must detonate in seventy-five seconds.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
The key!

PINBACK
Key? Key? What is the key?

BOILER
No, no, the key, the key to the fail-safe lock!

PINBACK
Key?

BOILER
Where's the fail-safe key?

PINBACK
The key!

BOILER
Where is it? What did you do with it?

PINBACK
I don't have it. I don't know where it is.

BOILER
You must have it, you idiot, we can stop the bomb!

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

DOOLITTLE
Now, bomb, consider this next question very carefully. What is your one purpose in life?

BOMB #20
To explode, of course.

DOOLITTLE
And you can only do it once, right?

BOMB #20
That is correct.

DOOLITTLE
And you wouldn't want to explode on the basis of false data, would you?

BOMB #20
Of course not.

DOOLITTLE
Well then, you've already admitted that you have no real proof of the existence of the outside universe.

BOMB #20
Yes, well...

DOOLITTLE
So you have no absolute proof that Sergeant Pinback ordered you to detonate.

BOMB #20
I recall distinctly the detonation order. My memory is good on matters like these.

DOOLITTLE
Yes, of course you remember it, but what you are remembering is merely a series of electrical impulses which you now realize have no necessary connection with outside reality.

BOMB #20
True, but since this is so, I have no proof that you are really telling me all this.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

Pinback is pawing frantically through the control room, searching for the key. Boiler is apoplectic.

BOILER
The key, goddamit, the key!

PINBACK
Christ, twenty seconds, Christ!

BOILER
Where is the key?

PINBACK
We're gonna die, Boiler. We're gonna die.

They begin slapping each other hysterically.

EXTERIOR - BOMB BAY

DOOLITTLE
That's all beside the point. The concepts are valid, wherever they originate.

BOMB #20
Hmmm...

DOOLITTLE
So if you detonate in...

BOMB #20
...nine seconds...

DOOLITTLE
...you may be doing so on the basis of false data.

BOMB #20
I have no proof that it was false data.

DOOLITTLE
You have no proof that it was correct data.

There is a long pause.

BOMB #20
I must think on this further.

THE BOMB RAISES ITSELF BACK INTO THE SHIP. Doolittle practically collapses with relief.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
It didn't go off.

PINBACK
Oh, God...

BOILER
It didn't go off.

PINBACK
Boiler, we're alive. My heart.

INTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

Talby slowly climbs to his feet. He is dazed, groggy.

TALBY
Doolittle? Doolittle? What happened? Pinback? Boiler? Did we blow it up? Hello? Hello?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
No bombs today. No bombs. Big Boiler's back in business. No bombs today.

Pinback is mumbling unintelligibly.

INTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

TALBY
Hello, anybody! Did we blow up the planet? Hello, hello! What's going on?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

Pinback and Boiler have calmed down.

BOILER
We've got to disarm the bomb.

PINBACK
Doolittle, are you there?

EXTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

Doolittle is floating outside the Emergency Air Lock door.

DOOLITTLE
I'm coming in now. I'm down by the Emergency Air Lock. Too much trouble to come in the Ventral Lock. Would you blow the seal on the emergency hatch so I can come in?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Oh, sure.

He presses a button.

EXTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

The Emergency Air Lock door EXPLODES AWAY FROM THE SHIP. Behind it, carried by the burst of escaping air, comes Talby spinning head over heels into deep space.

DOOLITTLE
Hello, Pinback, are you there?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Yeah, Doolittle, What's up?

EXTERIOR - EMERGENCY AIR LOCK

DOOLITTLE
Talby was in the air lock. You blew him out of the ship. I'm going after him. Turn on his helmet radio so I can contact him.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
What was that, I didn't hear...

PINBACK
It's Talby. He's drifting away from the ship without his jetpack.

EXTERIOR - SPACE

Doolittle fires his jetpack, moving off into space after Talby.

DOOLITTLE
Talby, Talby, can you read me?

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
Can you beat that? I always knew Talby was weird.

EXTERIOR - SPACE

DOOLITTLE
Talby, can you read me?

Talby is spinning wildly.

TALBY
Help, Doolittle, help me!

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
All right, bomb, prepare to receive new orders.

BOMB #20
(over)
You are false data.

PINBACK
Huh?

BOMB #20
Therefore, I shall ignore you.

PINBACK
Hello, bomb.

INTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
False data can act only as a distraction. Therefore, I shall refuse to perceive you.

PINBACK
(over)
Hey, bomb.

BOMB #20
The only thing which exists is myself.

PINBACK
(over)
Bomb?

EXTERIOR - SPACE

Talby, spinning, is reflected in Doolittle's face plate.

TALBY
Doolittle! Help me.

DOOLITTLE
Calm down, Talby. I'm coming.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

PINBACK
Snap out of it, bomb.

INTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
In the beginning there was darkness, and the darkness was without form and void.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
What the hell?

PINBACK
Yoo hoo, bomb...

INTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
And in addition to the darkness there was also me. And I moved upon the face of the darkness.

INTERIOR - CONTROL ROOM

BOILER
Bomb, hey bomb.

PINBACK
Hey, bomb...

INTERIOR - BOMB BAY

BOMB #20
And I saw that I was alone.

Pause.

BOMB #20
(cont'd)
Let there be light.

THE SCREEN GOES WHITE.

EXTERIOR - SPACE

IN DEAD SILENCE, THE WHITE SCREEN FADES DOWN TO SHOW A GIANT WHITE FIREBALL IN SPACE. THE FIREBALL CONTRACTS TO A HARD CORE, GROWING RED, THEN

A BLINDING WHITE FLASH.

Doolittle flies past, falling backward.

DOOLITTLE
Whoa!

Talby, upside down, is falling in the opposite direction.

TALBY
Doolittle, Doolittle, where are you?

DOOLITTLE
Here I am. I think I'm spinning...We're - both falling, Talby, in opposite directions, away from each other. My--my jetpack's gone.

TALBY
What happened, Doolittle?

DOOLITTLE
Bomb must have gone off inside the ship. Nothing we can do about it now. Hey, it looks like...the skipper. He made it. Commander Powell made it!

A block of ice with a man's body in it tumbles past, end over end.

POWELL
(weakly)
Men...men...what happened, men?

DOOLITTLE
Yeah, the skipper always was lucky.

The planet begins to rise behind Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE
(cont'd)
Looks like I'm headed for the planet, Talby. Going right toward it.

TALBY
When you fall, Doolittle, if there's anyone down there on the planet, somebody may see you. They may see you coming down. What a beautiful way to die...as a falling star...

DOOLITTLE
Guess you're right.

Talby turns his head and looks behind him.

TALBY
Doolittle, I'm heading right toward something. It's behind me, in the distance. Something that glows.

Far behind Talby, coming nearer, is a shimmering point of light.

DOOLITTLE
Oh yeah?

TALBY
Doolittle...I think it's the Phoenix - Asteroids!

DOOLITTLE
Phoenix?

The point of light is closer now, and it has begun to differentiate into a group of beautifully colored frost-like shapes.

TALBY
It is, Doolittle, it's the Phoenix! They glow with all the colors of the rainbow, just like everybody said.

DOOLITTLE
No kidding?

TALBY
I'm going into them, I'm going to hit them. Doolittle...

DOOLITTLE
Yeah?

TALBY
Before we get too far away, and our signals start to fade, I just wanted to tell you... you were my favorite. I really liked you, Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE
I really liked you too, Talby. Hey, some debris from the ship! It's coming right by me.

Several chunks of debris from the ship drift past Doolittle.

TALBY
Doolittle, I'm catching up to the asteroids. I'm going to be a part of them in a minute. Doolittle, I'm going into them.

Talby drifts into the huge frost-like shapes, expanding and glowing and spinning, slowly refracting all the colors of the spectrum with a cold glow.

TALBY
(cont'd)
I'm beginning to glow.

The field of spectral shapes, with Talby in their midst, begin to drift away into the distance.

TALBY
(cont'd)
They're taking me with them, with the Phoenix...going to circle the universe forever. I'm with them now...be back this way again some day. Doolittle, before it's too late, there's one last thing I want to tell you...

Talby's signal dies out as the glowing lights disappear into the depths of space.

Doolittle is hanging onto a long, thin chunk of debris.

DOOLITTLE
Hey, Talby! I've grabbed a piece of the ship, and I think I've figured out a way!

He pulls the piece of metal down beneath his feet, and stands on it.

Crouching and extending his arms, Doolittle surfs down into the atmosphere of the planet, banking and planing as he disappears to a small dot.

END TITLES AND MUSIC OVER.

DARK STAR

SPECIAL EFFECTS SHOOTING SCRIPT

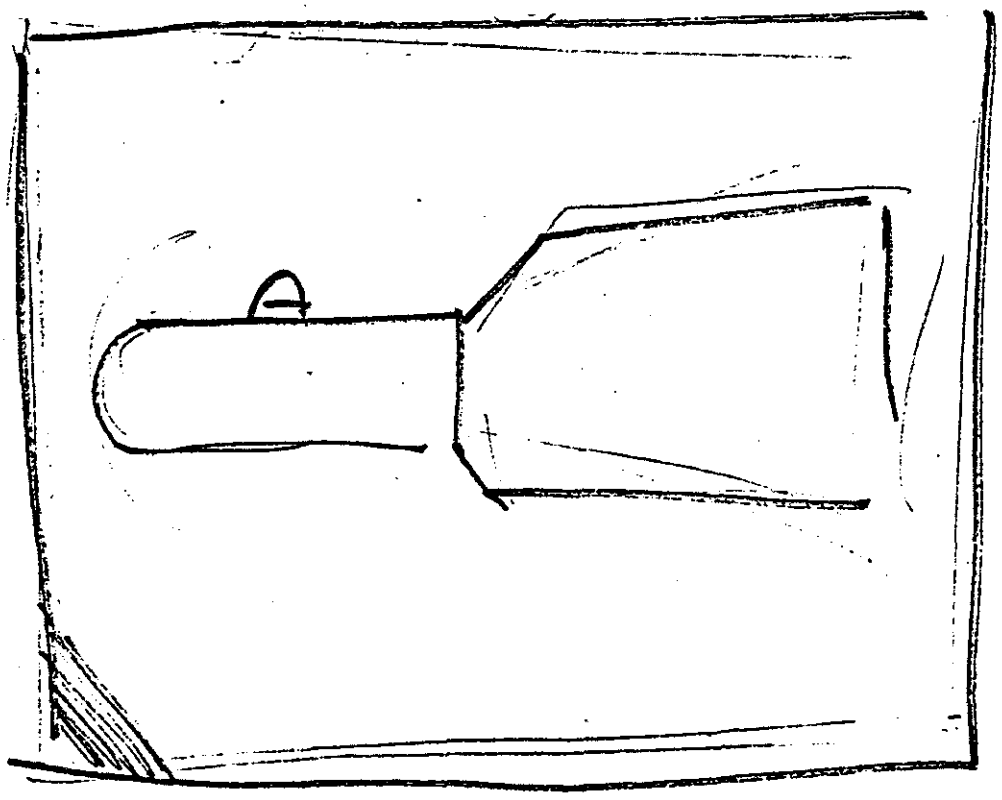
by John Carpenter

and Dan O'Bannon

1972

001 LONG TRACKING SHOT through the universe, moving through galaxies, nebulae, solar systems, down to a particular system. We MOVE TOWARD a planet and TRACK into the dark side of the terminator. CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE up to a full shot of the Dark Star.

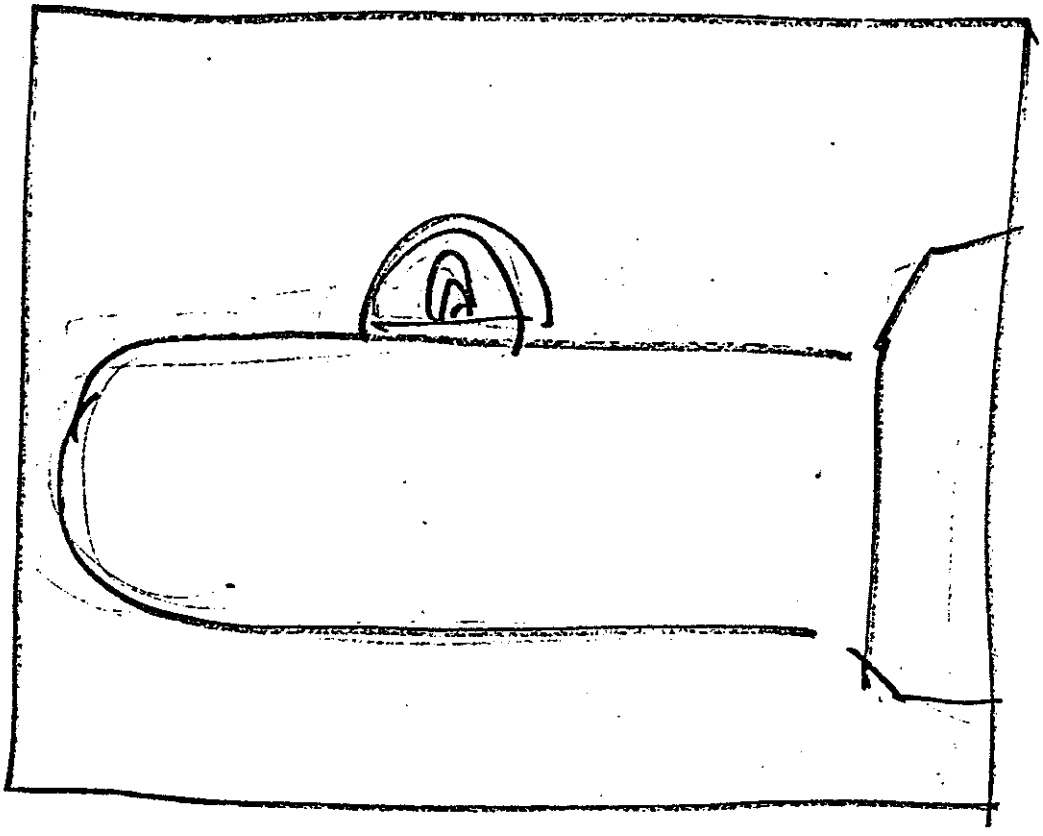
—(tail of 001)



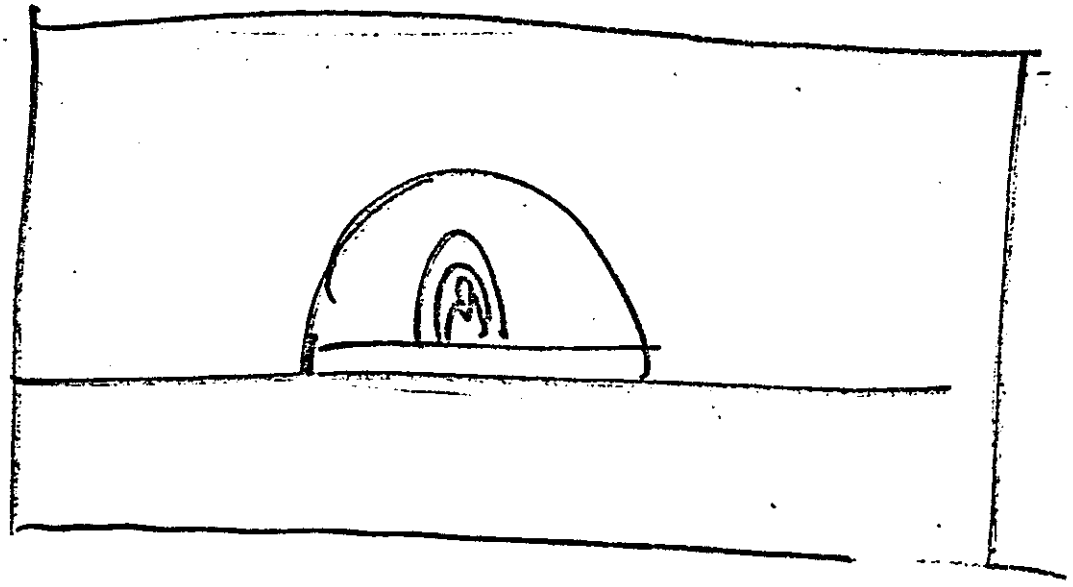
length of shot approximately 2 minutes

CONT'D

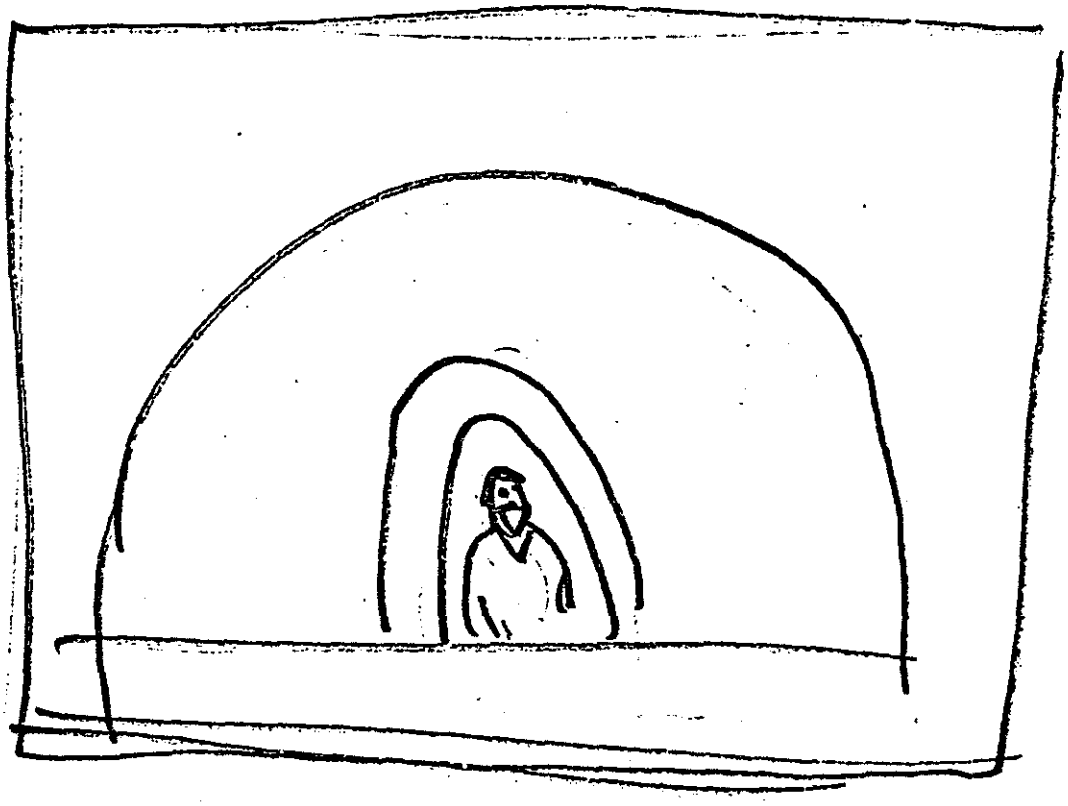
002 CLOSER SHOT, Dark Star.



003 MEDIUM LONG SHOT, Observation Dome on top of the Dark Star.



004 CLOSER SHOT, OBSERVATION DOME.

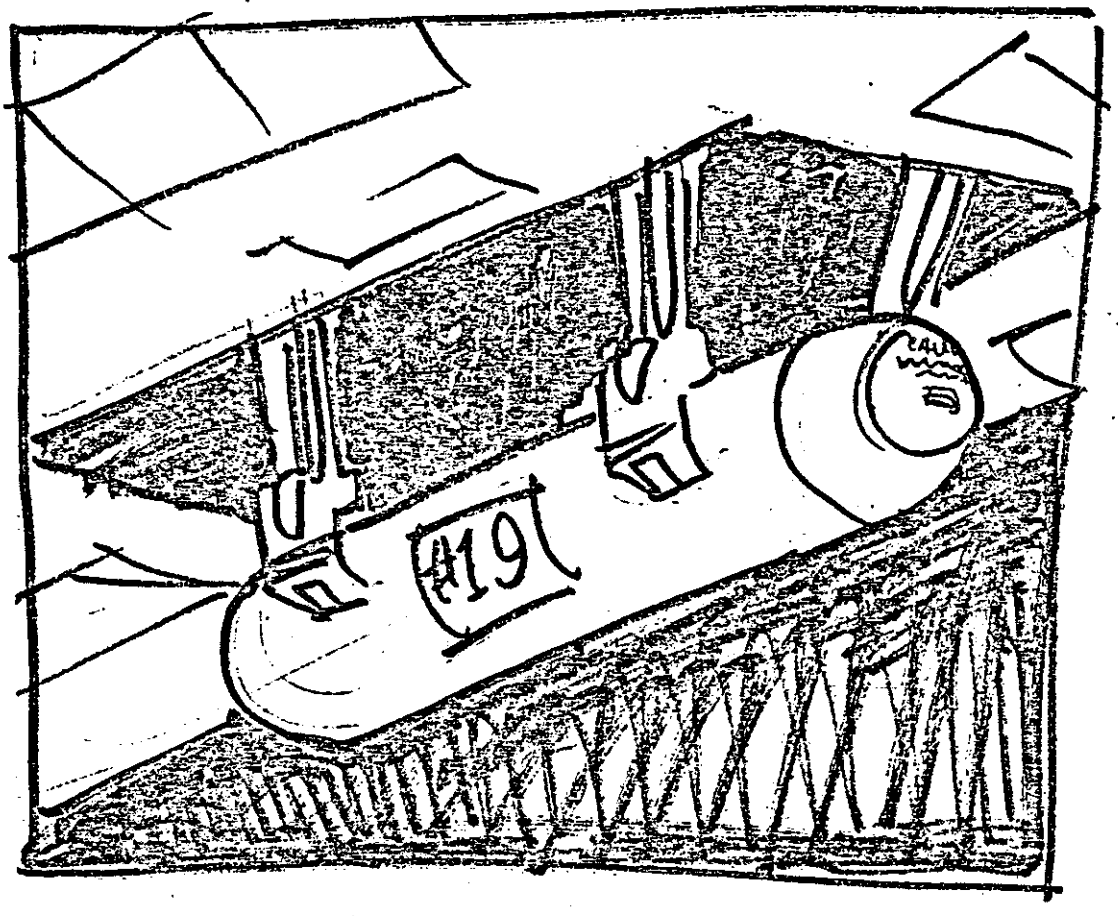


(note: CUT TO opening shot, Talby, live action)

CONT'D

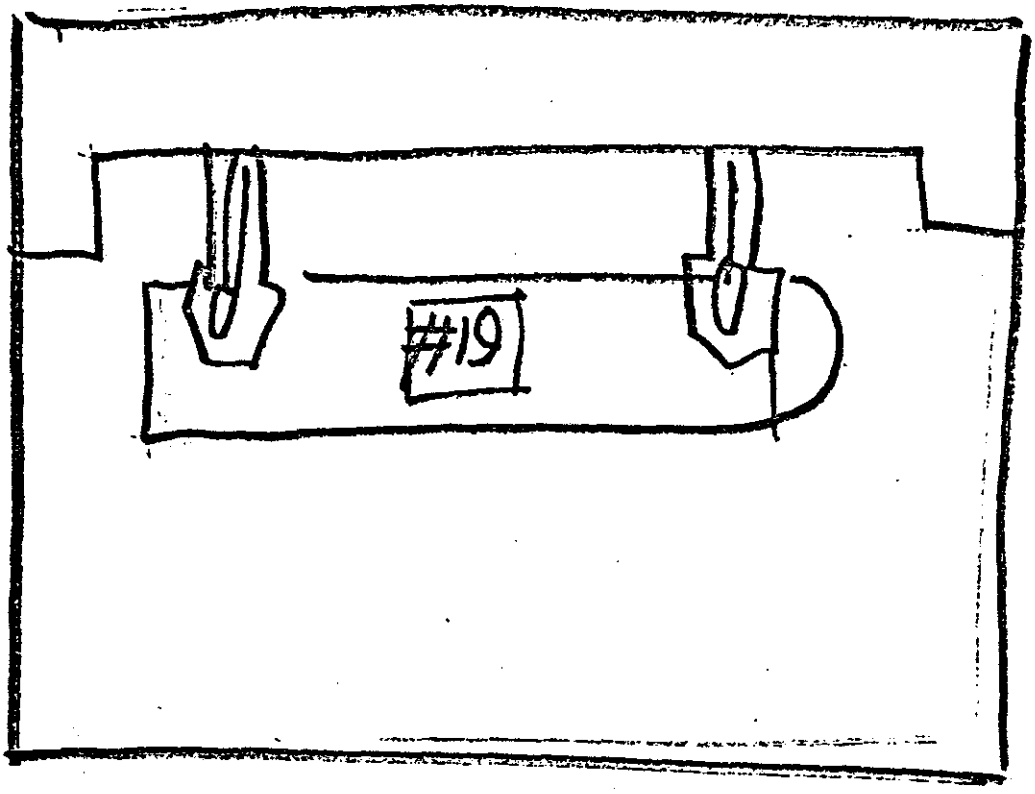
EXTERIOR - BOMBAY

005 MEDIUM SHOT, BOMB #19 lowers out of the bottom of the ship: the doors open and the bomb lowers out of the bombay.

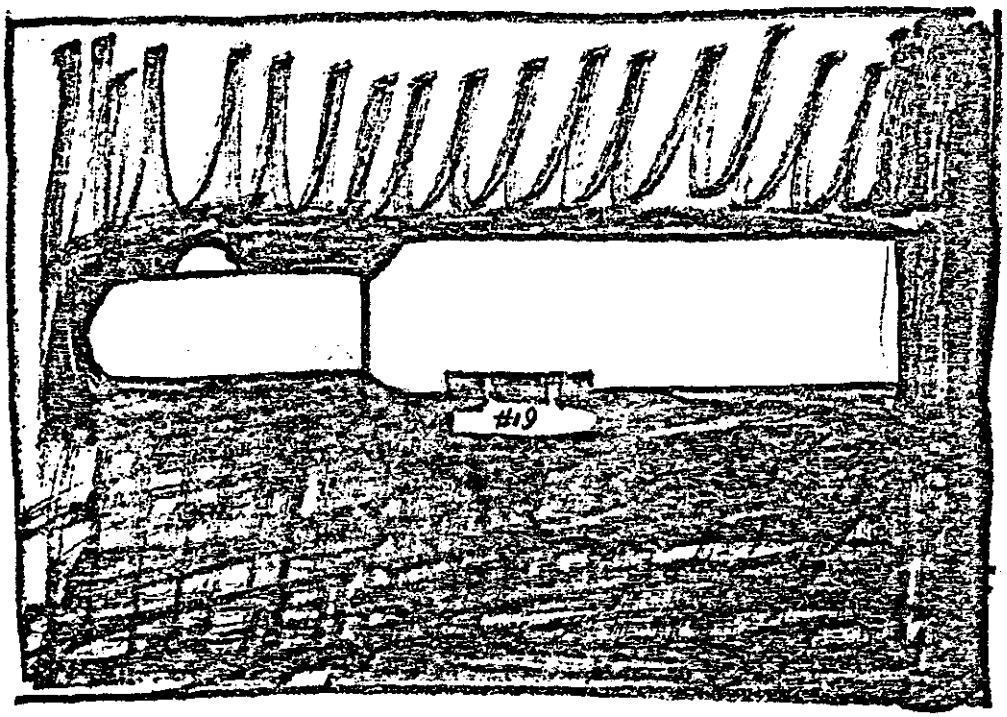


(note: HOLD ON SHOT for coverage)

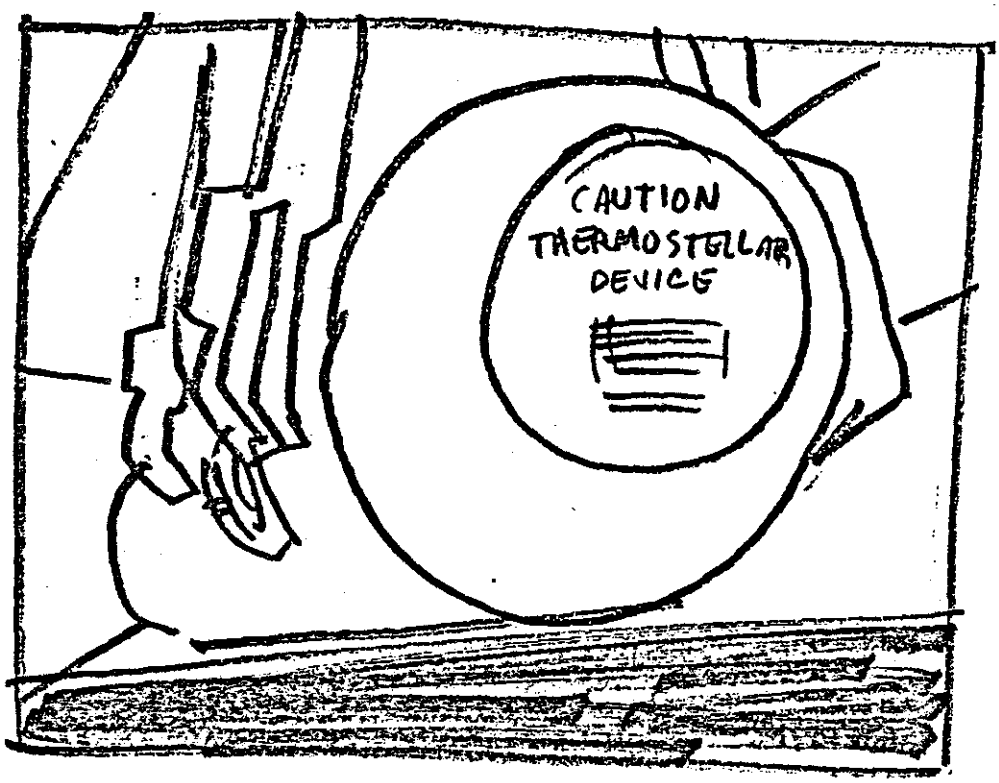
006 STATIC on BOMB, SIDE ANGLE



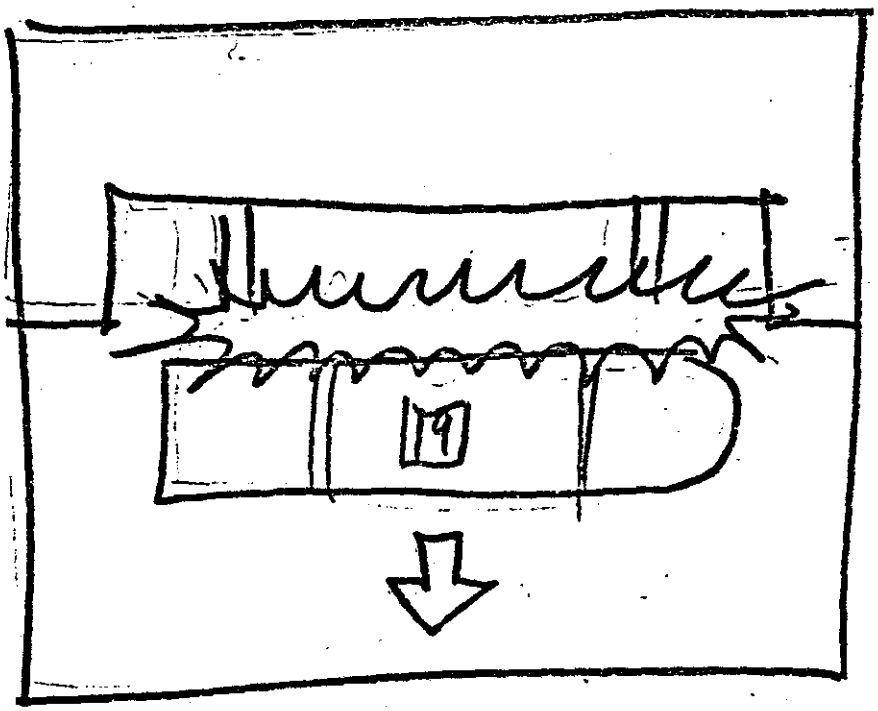
007 FULL SHOT, the Dark Star, Bomb #19 lowered.



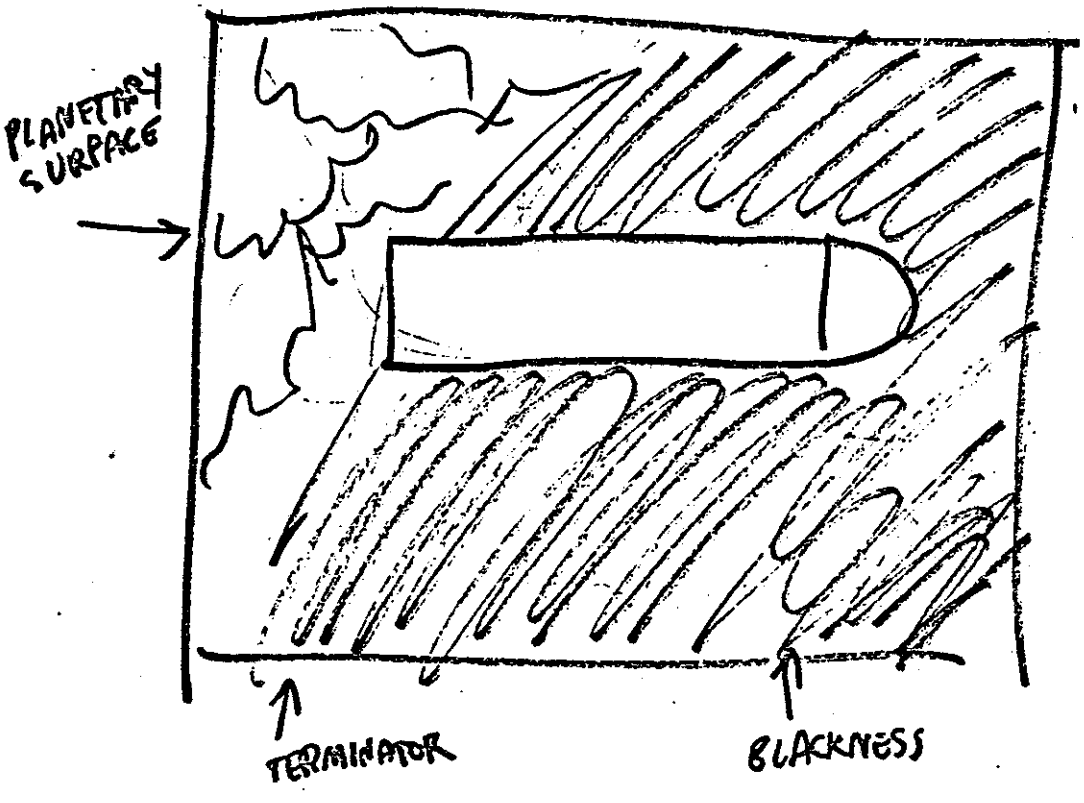
008 STATIC ON BOMB. 'Armed'.



009 SIDE ANGLE, BOMB. There is a FLASH OF LIGHT. The Bomb drops out of frame.



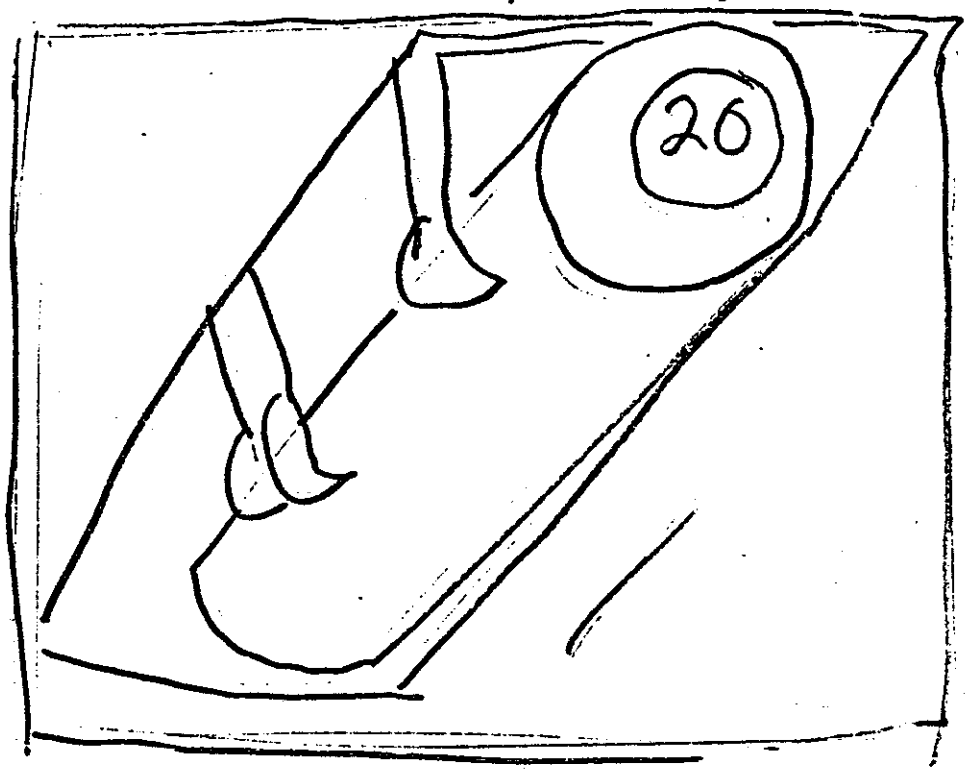
010 FULL SHOT. The Bomb drops straight down, from FULL FRAME until it disappears into the atmosphere of the planet.



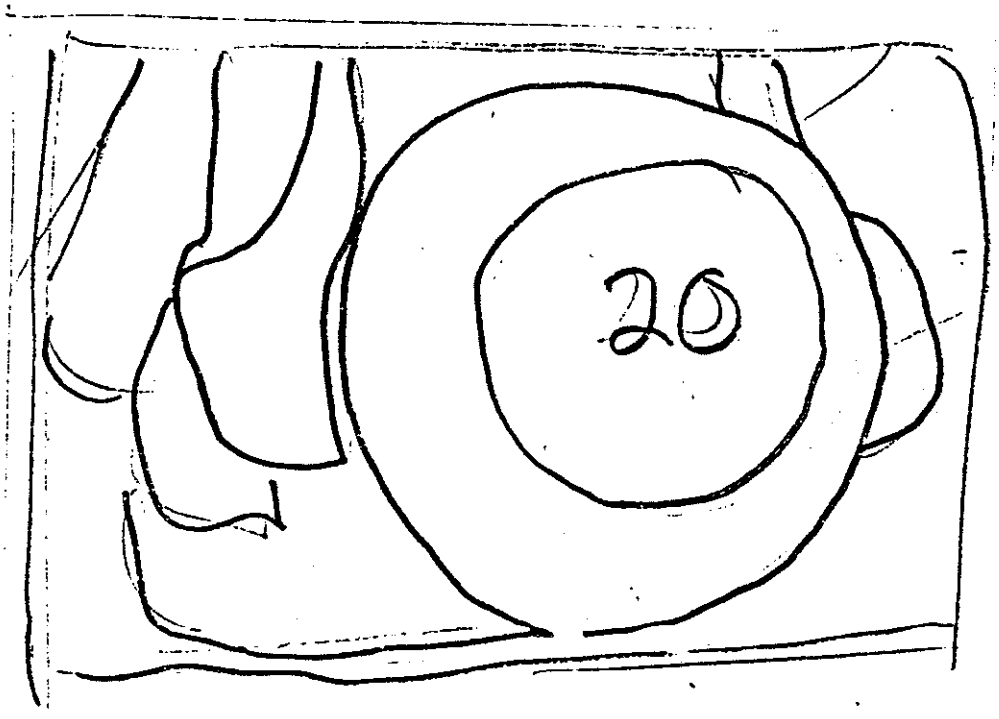
011 MEDIUM SHOT, BOMB #20 lowers out of the ship: the doors open - - IDENTICAL TO SHOT # 005 with bomb number change.

CONT'D

012 FULL SHOT, BOMB # 20.

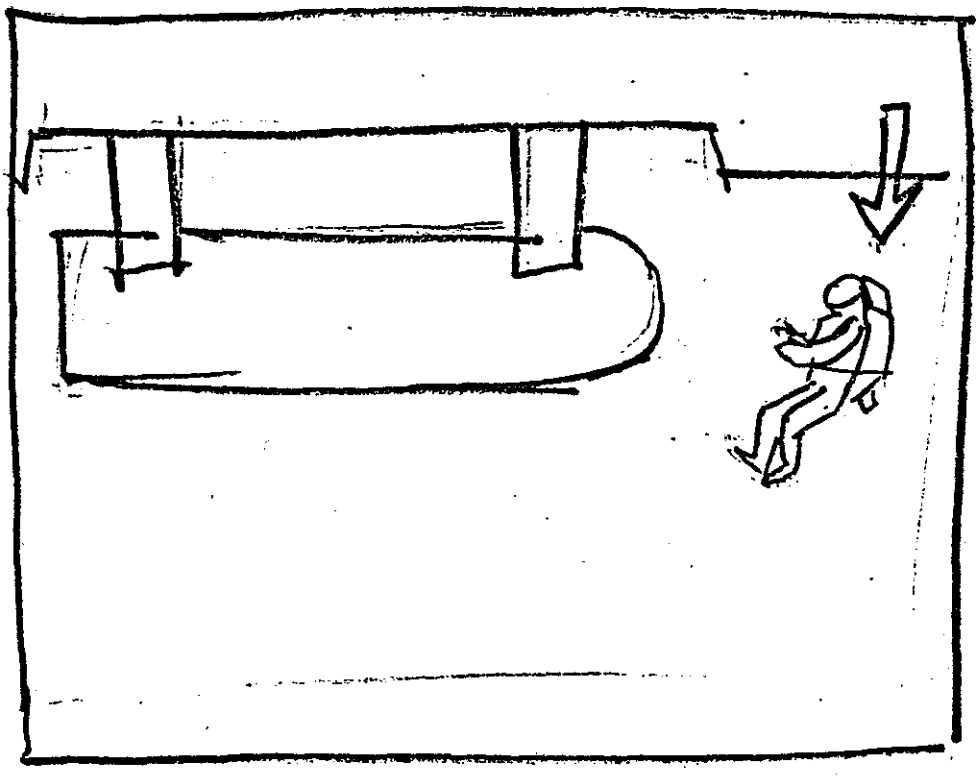


013 CLOSER SHOT, BOMB # 20.



014 SIDE ANGLE, STATIC on Bomb. IDENTICAL TO 006 note bomb number change

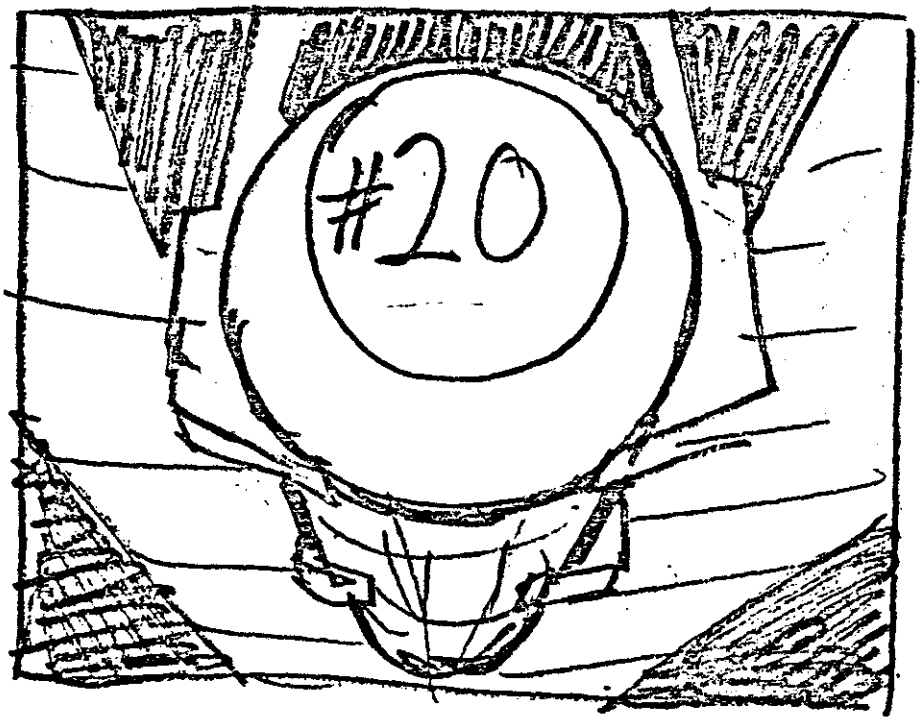
015 SIDE ANGLE, Bomb # 20. Doolittle lowers from upper frame right and jets to a stop in front of the bomb.



CONT'D

016 FULL SHOT, Doolittle.

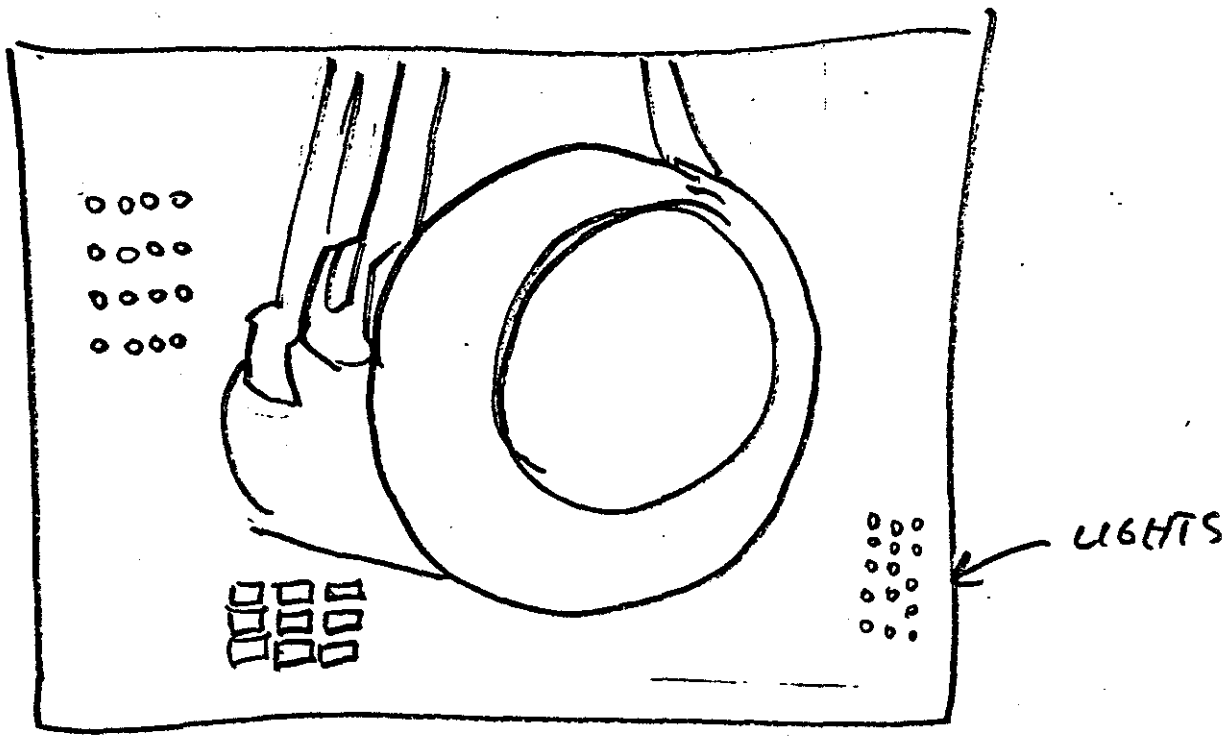
017 FULL SHOT, BOMB # 20



018 FULL SHOT. BOMB # 20 raises itself back up into the ship, the doors closing behind it. IDENTICAL TO SHOT # 005, note bomb number change

INTERIOR - BOMBAY

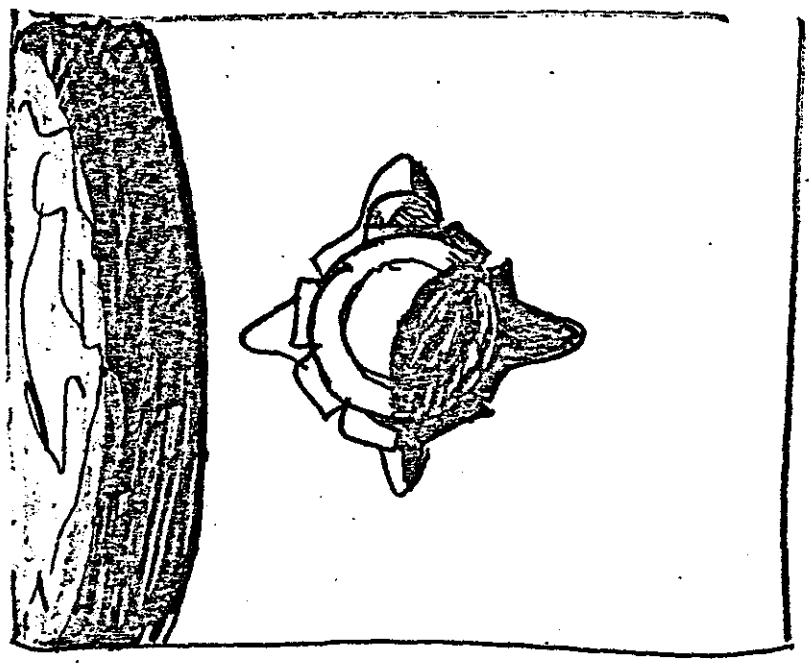
019 FULL SHOT, BOMB # 20 in bombay. (Note extreme sidelight on bomb)



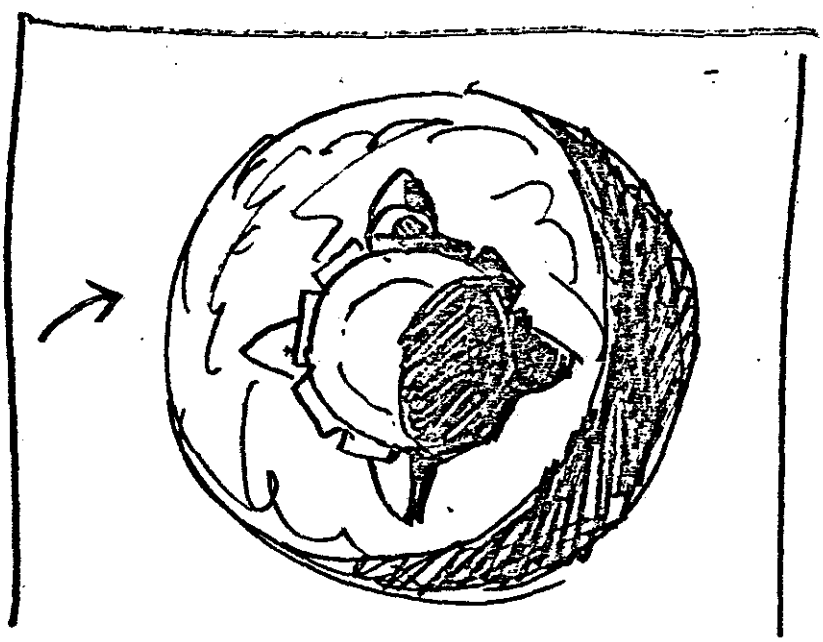
HYPERDRIVE SEQUENCE

020 CLOSE SHOT, READOUT PANEL. FLASHING letters BLIP on: HYPERDRIVE SEQUENCE ENGAGED.

021 FULL SHOT, Dark Star. The ship begins to accelerate away from the planet.

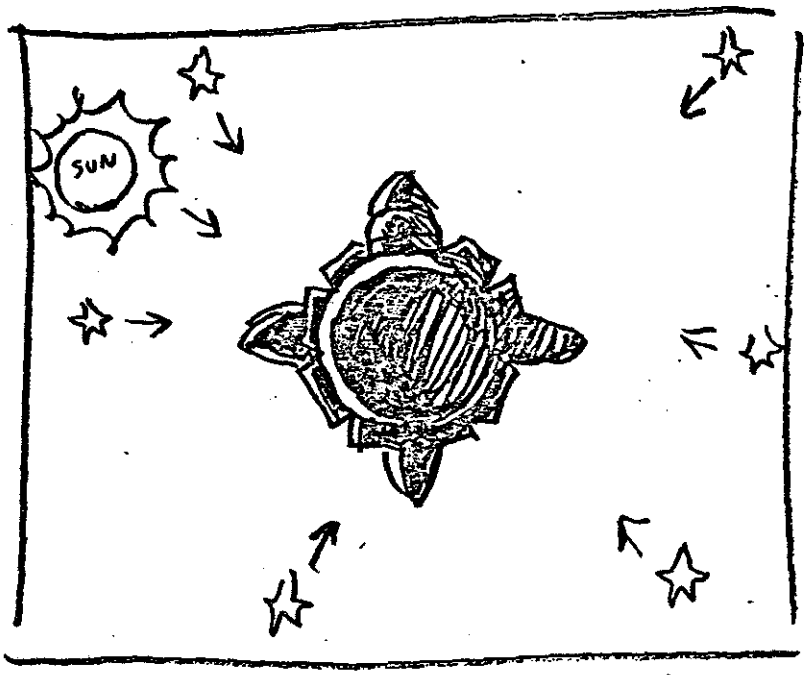


The planet moves from edge of frame to center frame as we accelerate away from it.



021 CONT'D

The ship continues to accelerate. The sun and stars begin to become STREAKS behind the ship and drift toward center frame.



Eventually all the stars DISAPPEAR behind the ship and it is in darkness.

022 CLOSE SHOT, READOUT PANEL. Numbers and gauges are blipping furiously. The entire panel is glowing RED.

023 FULL SHOT, CONTROL ROOM. The men are frozen in their force fields positions. The entire room is glowing RED.

024 CLOSE SHOT, READOUT PANEL. The blipping and red glow stop. The words: LIGHT SPEED , appear.

TALBY'S PANEL

025 CLOSE SHOT, READOUT PANEL. There is a picture of an exploding planet. We see: DESTRUCTION SEQUENCE COMPLETE .

TITLE SEQUENCE

026 FULL SHOT, SPACE. The Dark Star drifts by frame, filling it. Total length of shot: 10 seconds.

027 FULL SHOT, Dark Star.

028 FULL SHOT, Dark Star.

029 FULL SHOT, Dark Star.

030 FULL SHOT, Dark Star.

Head titles:

3 sec. JOHN CARPENTER PRESENTS
5 sec. DARK STAR
026

STARRING : BRIAN NARELLE
DAN O'BANNON
CAL KUNIHOLM
ANDREIJAH PAHICH

WRITTEN BY JOHN CARPENTER AND DAN O'BANNON 027

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: DOUG KNAPP

ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY: CLIFF FENNEMAN
DALE BELDIN
028

SOUND RECORDING: NINA KLEINBERG

CONT'D

TITLE SEQUENCE (CONT'D)

ORIGINAL MUSIC: JOHN CARPENTER 029

EDITING: DAN O'BANNON
ASSOCIATE PRODUCER: JONATHAN KAPLAN
PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY DAN O'BANNON
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JOHN CARPENTER 030

031 READOUT OVER SHIP'S LOG

032 CLOSE SHOT, READOUT PANEL. We see: MALFUNCTION flashing. Note use of purple gels.

033 CLOSE SHOT, READOUT, COUNTDOWN CLOCK
Clock sets itself at:

14 min 40 sec DETONATION
(blips down to 14min 35 sec)

09 min 13 sec DETONATION
(blips down to 09 min 08 sec)

04 min 35 sec DETONATION
(blips down to 04 min 30 sec)

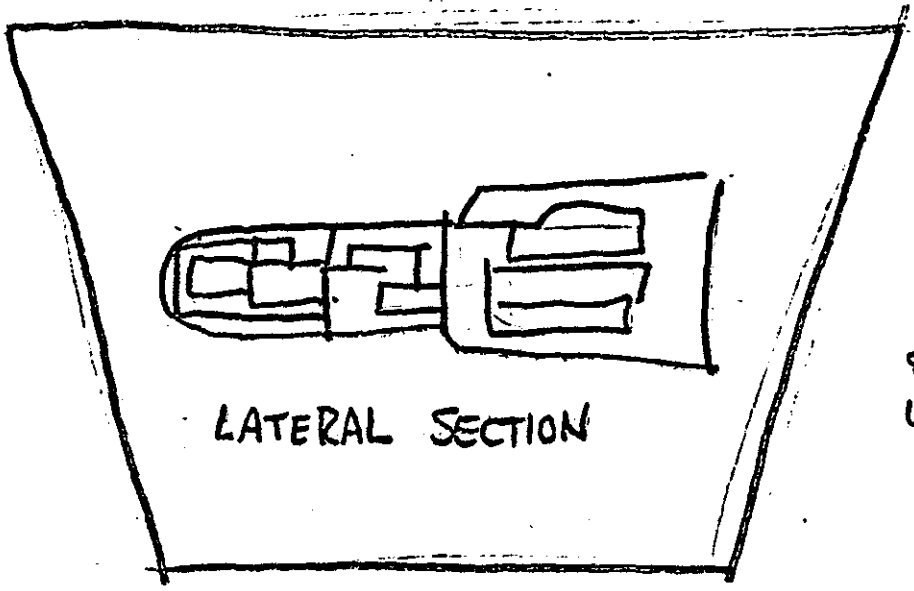
03 min 00 sec DETONATION
(blips down to 02 min 55 sec)

00 min 26 sec DETONATION
(blips down to 00 min 22 sec)

00 min 05 sec DETONATION
(blips down to 00 min 00 sec)

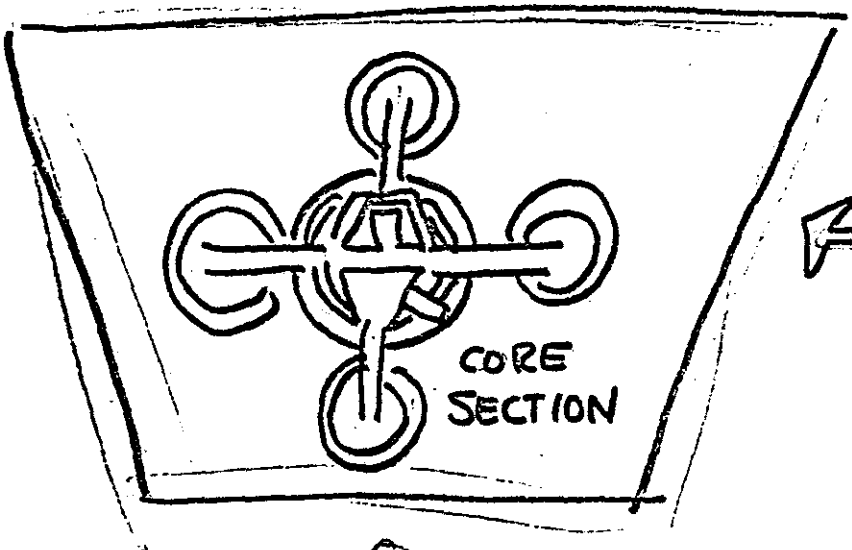
DESTRUCTION SEQUENCE ABORTED
(flashing)

034



GLOWING GREEN SCREEN - SHIP IN WHITE LINES

035

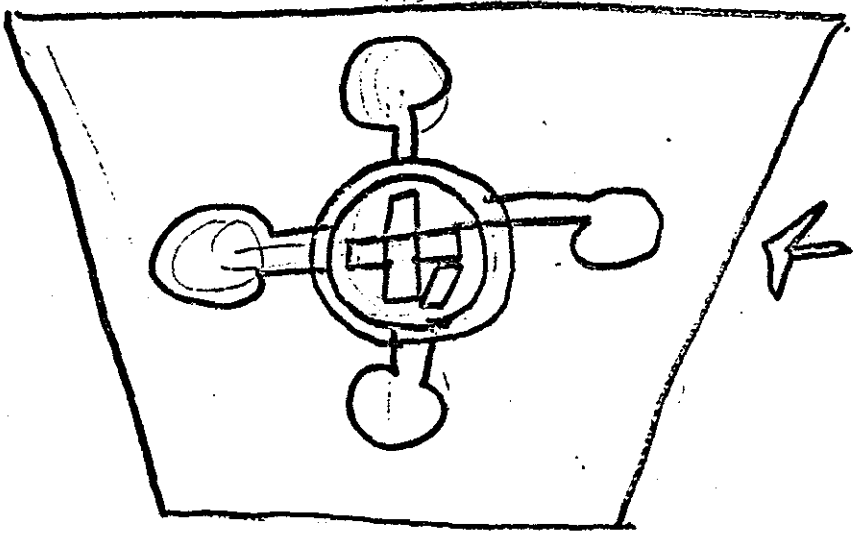


LATERAL SECTION DISAPPEARS

—

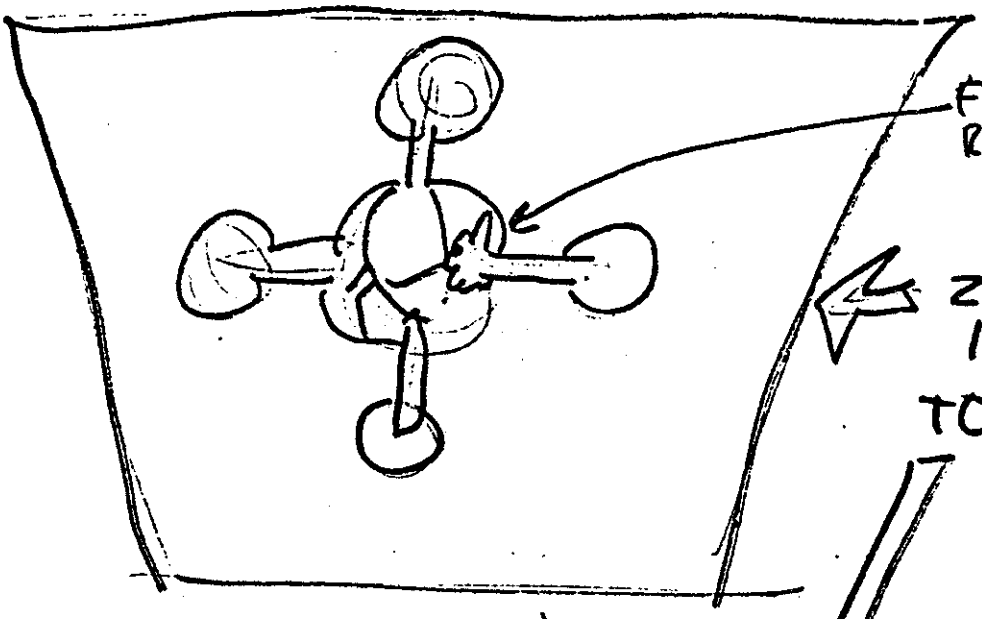
CORE SECTION APPEARS

036

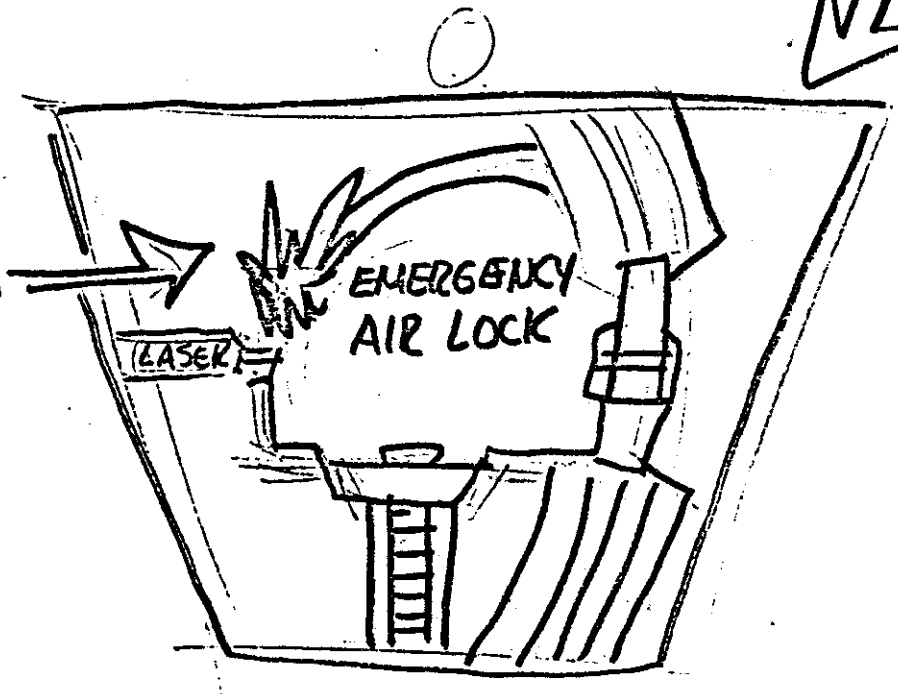


GO THROUGH LAYERS - STOP ON ONE - RED FLASHING LIGHT

037


FLASHING
RED LIGHT
ZOOMS
IN
TO

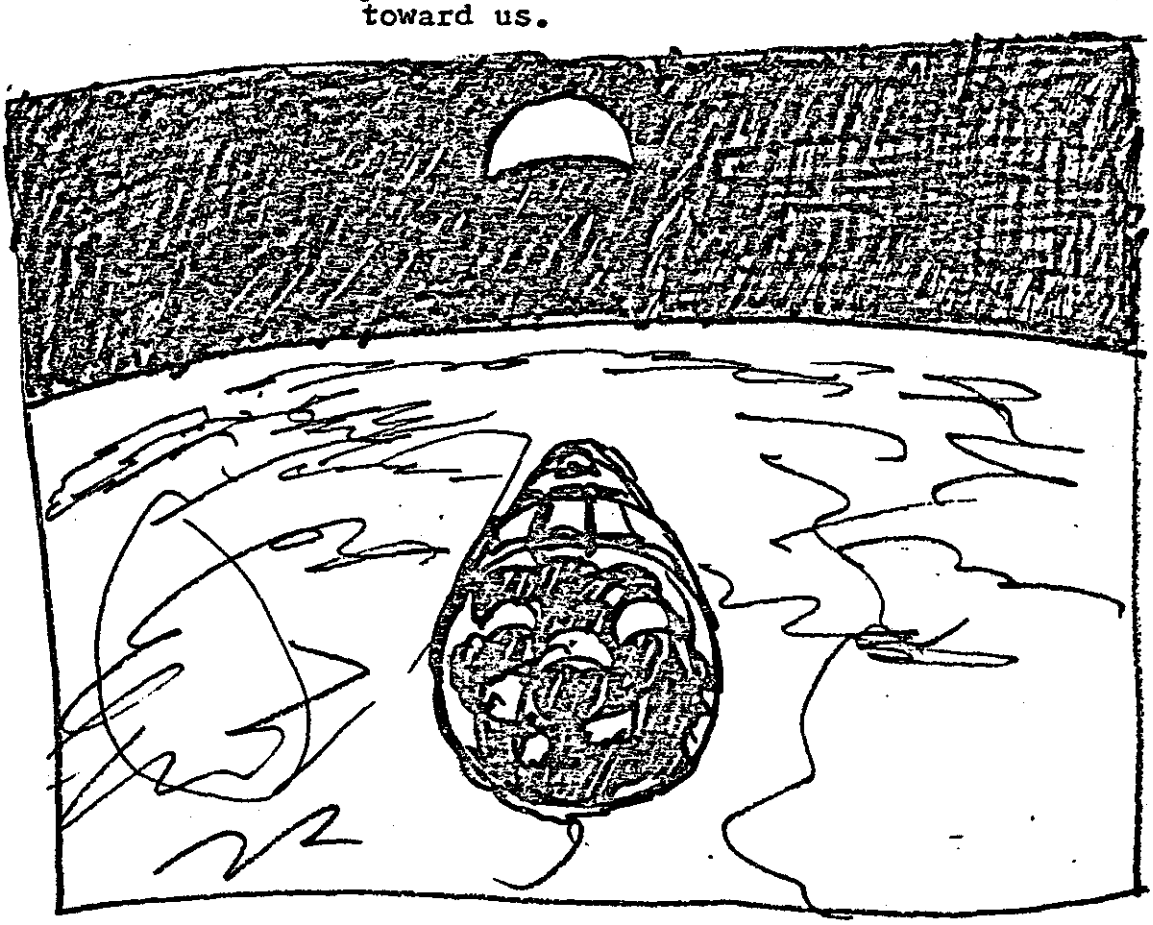
038


FLASHING
RED
LIGHT
LASER
EMERGENCY
AIR LOCK

039 FULL SHOT, ZOOM IN toward VEIL NEBULA.

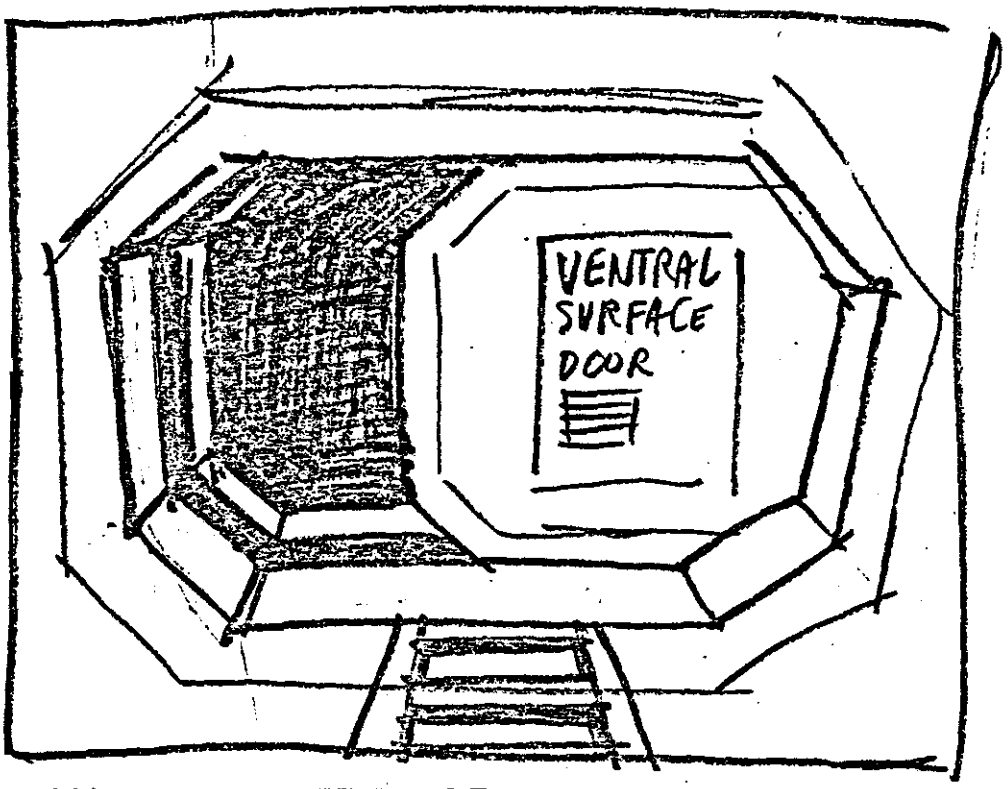
040 FULL SHOT, SLOW ZOOM in toward PLANET.

041 FULL SHOT, Dark Star orbiting above planet. The moon rises behind the planet and the surface below is rotating toward us.

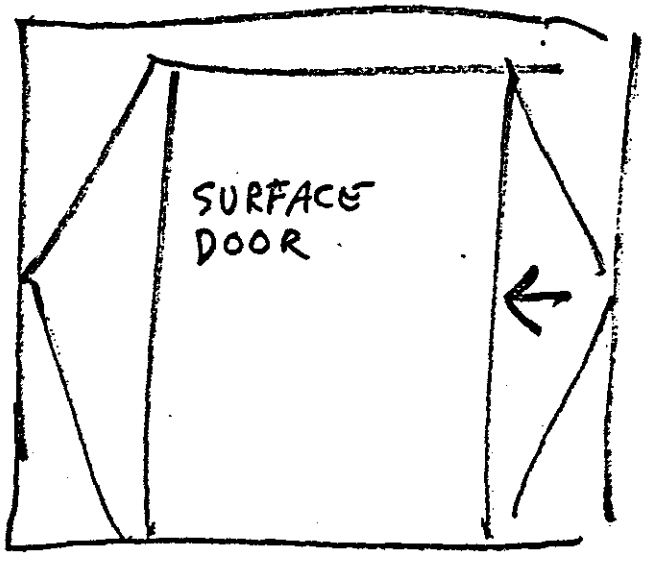


042 LONG SHOT, Doolittle climbs down a ladder into the Freezer Room.

043 FULL SHOT, VENTRAL AIR LOCK DOOR. The door slowly slides open and CAMERA TRACKS through it.

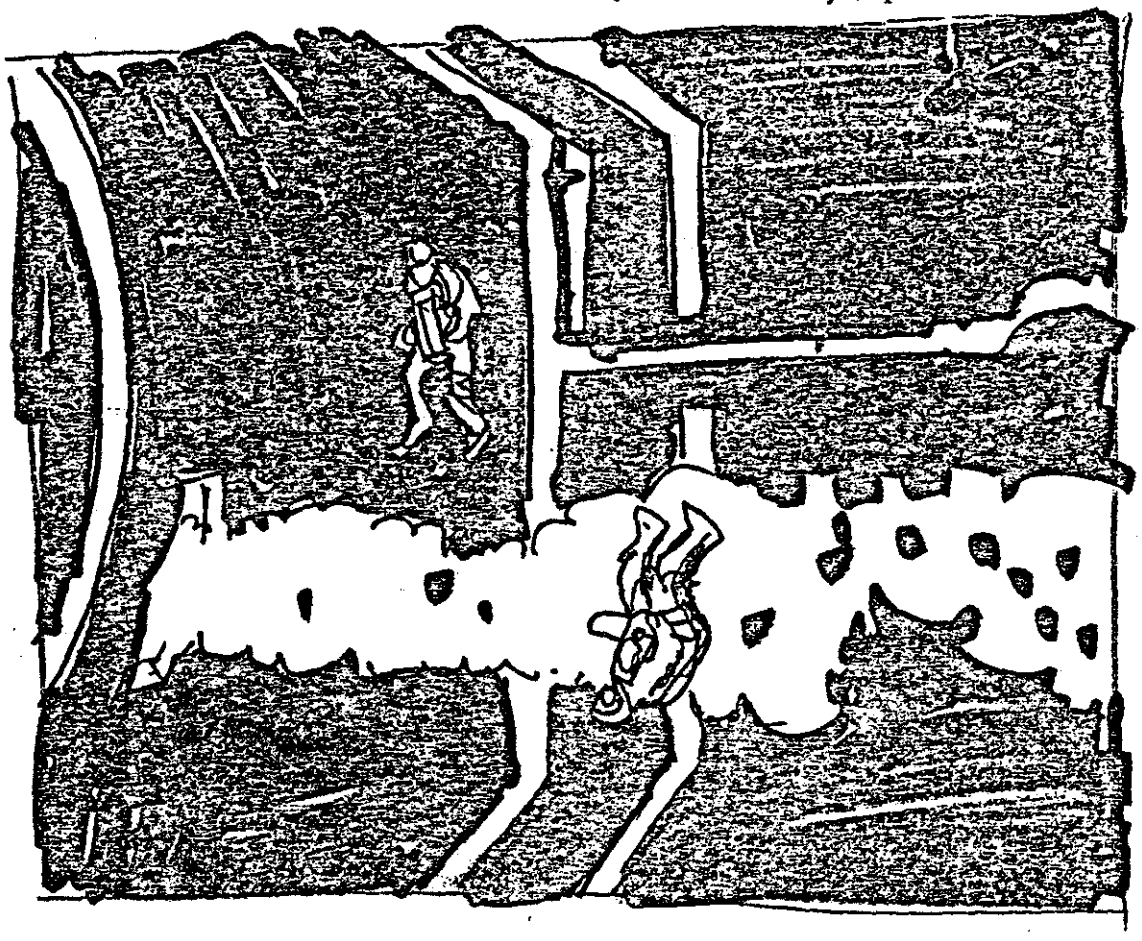


044 FULL SHOT, EMERGANCY AIR LOCK DOOR. The door slowly begins to open.

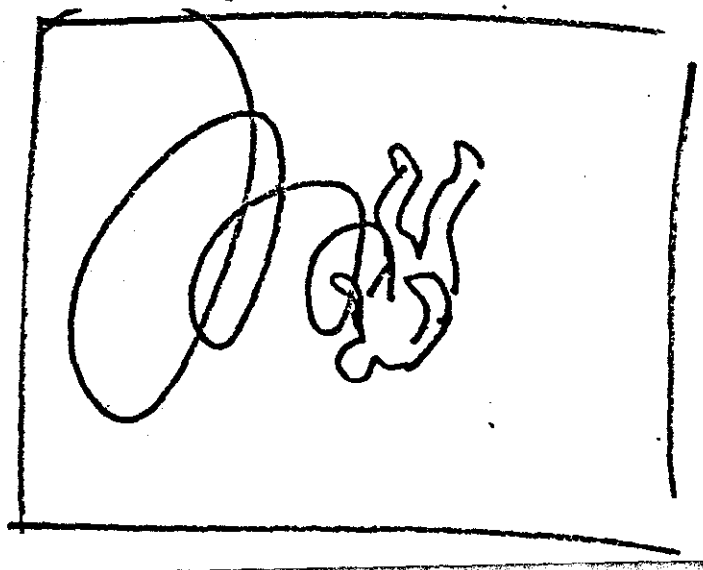


EXTERIOR - DARK STAR

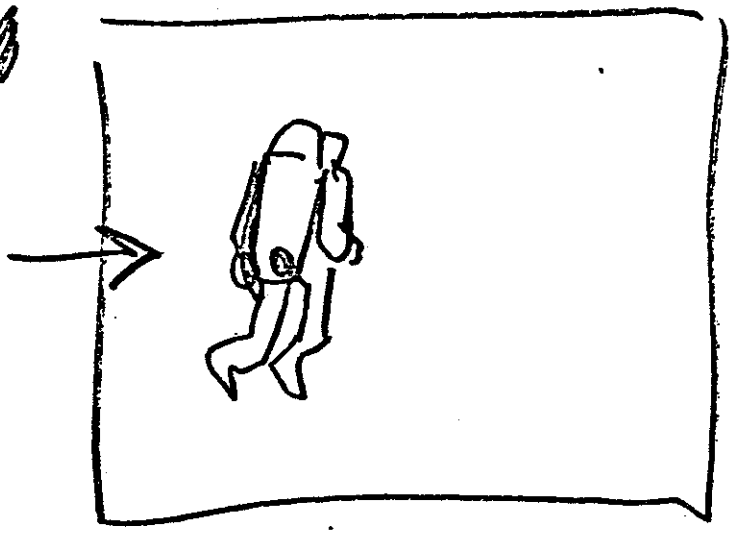
045 FULL SHOT, side of the ship. Doolittle hangs above the Emergancy Air Lock waiting. The door opens and STEAM BLOWS OUT. Then Talby spins out.



046 DOOLITTLE'S POV, TALBY spinning away into space.

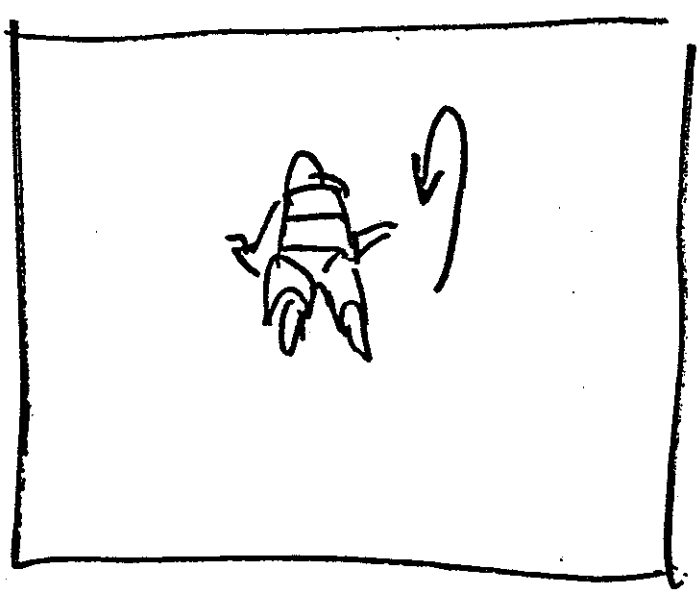


047



ZOOM - PAN
DOOLITTLE

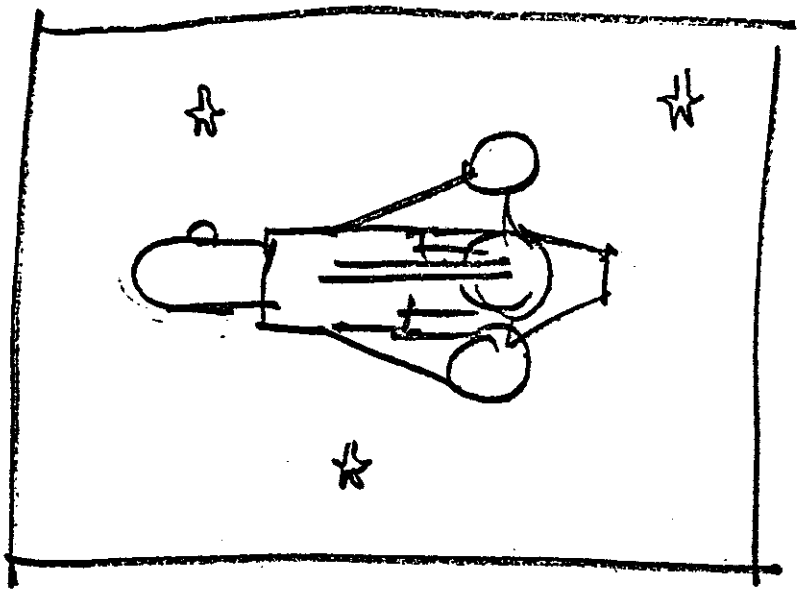
048



TALBY SPINNING
SUPER'D OVER
DOOLITTLE'S
FACEPLATE
(PUPPET)
FISH-EYE LENS

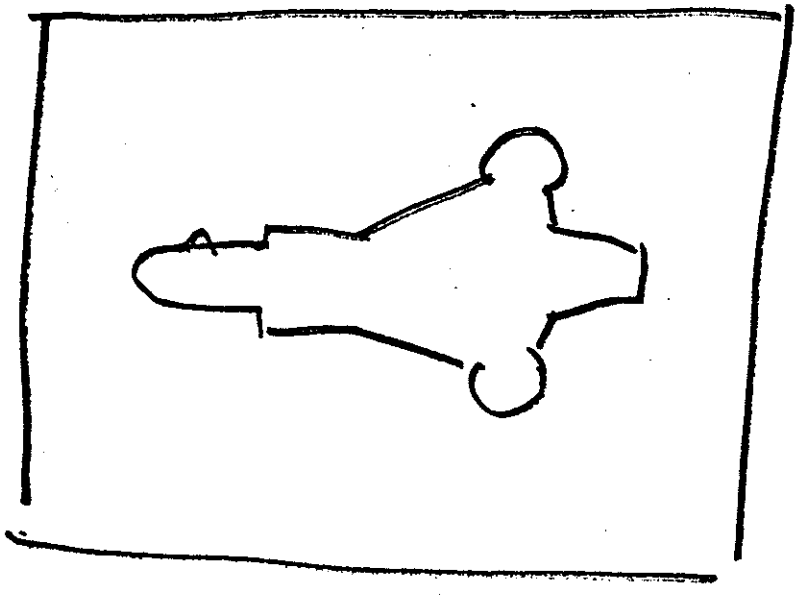
EXPLOSION SEQUENCE

049



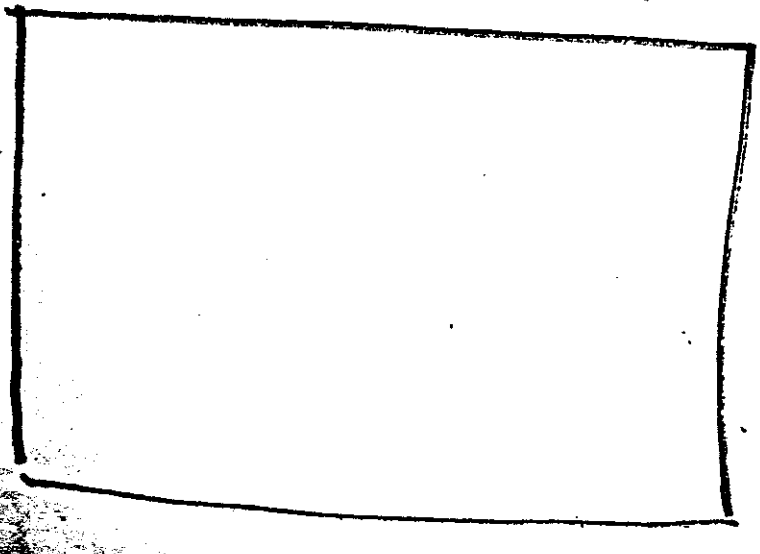
A FEW FRAMES (AGAINST STAR-DOTTE SPACE)

050



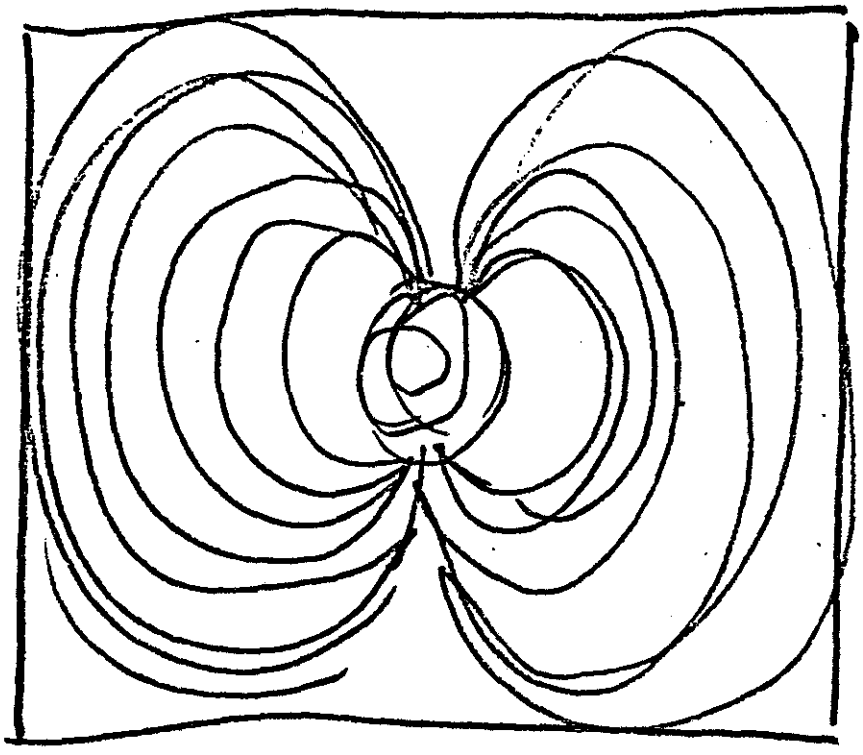
ONE FRAME (BURNED-OUT WHITE OUTLINE AGAINST BLACK)

051



WHITE SCREEN

052



GLOWING MAGNETIC FORCE LINES AGAINST BLACK —

SCREEN STARTS WHITE -

WHITE FIREBALL CONTRACTS DOWN TO CENTER, LEAVING FORCE LINES-

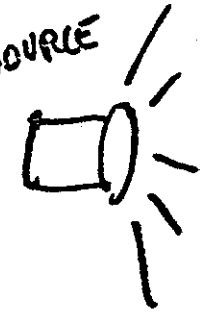
SCREEN GOES WHITE.

053 POV SPINNING SHOT, the planet and the sun. Note: see descriptive diagram following.

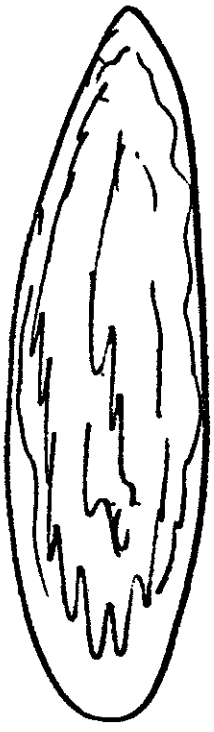
← ANOTHER LIGHT

053 CONT'D

LIGHT SOURCE (SUN)



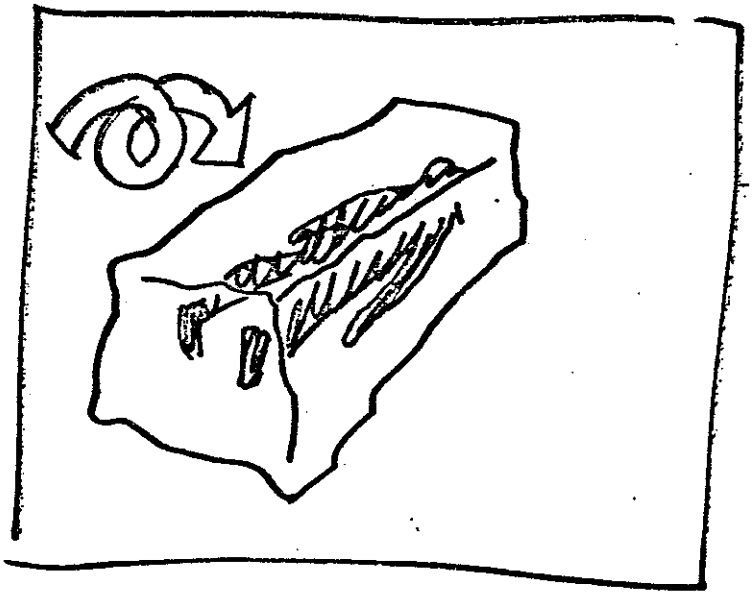
SPINNING CAMERAMAN



← FLAT PAINTING OF PLANET

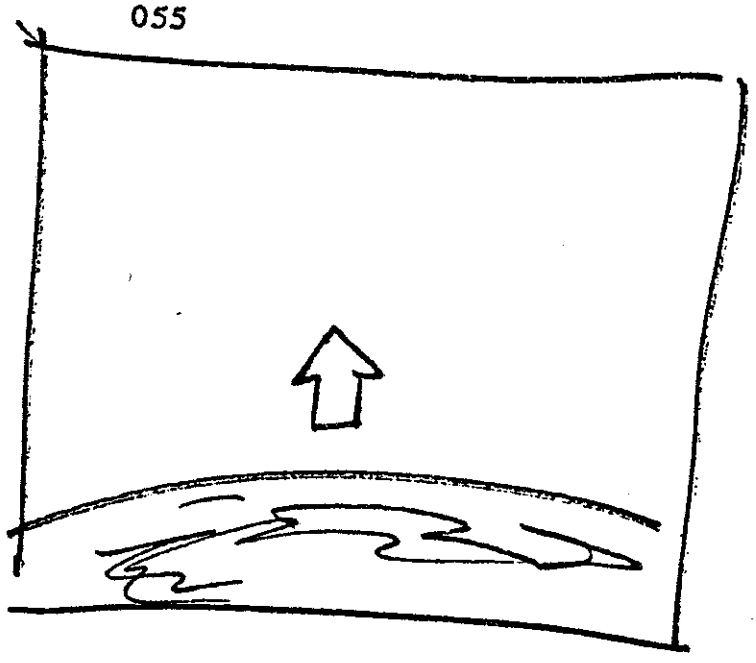
054

POV DOOLITTLE, Commander Powell spinning by end over end.



DOOLITTLE'S POV

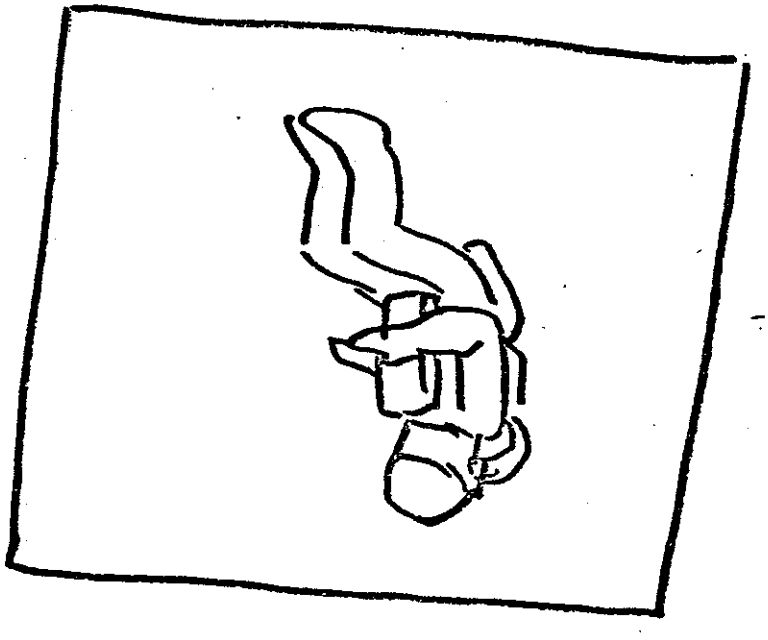
055



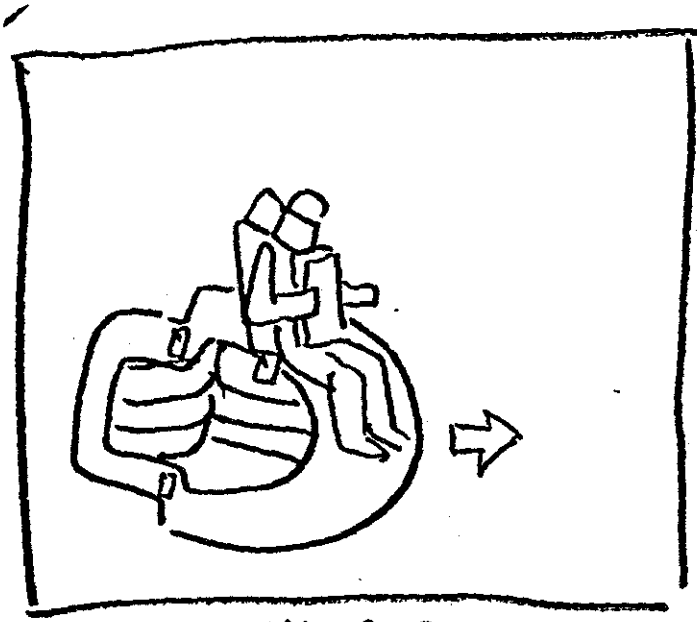
PLANET RISING

056

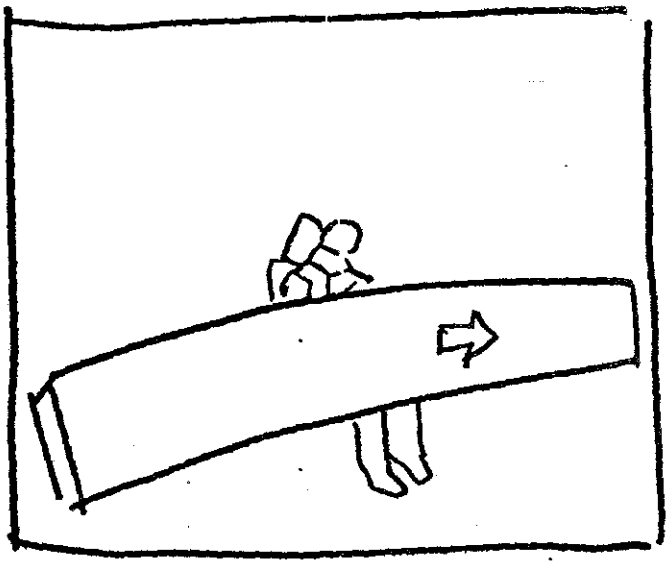
FULL SHOT, TALBY, kicking, looking back at Phoenix asteroids.



.057

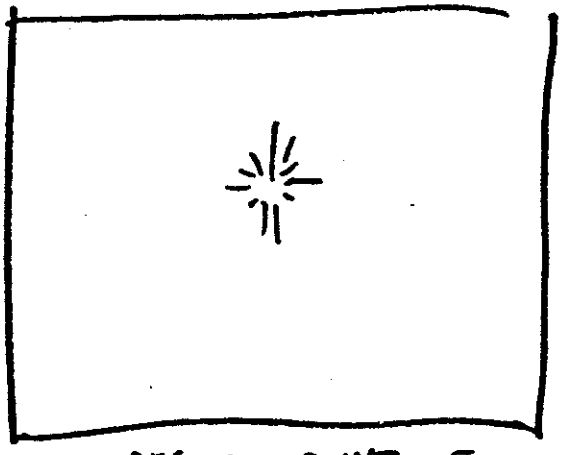


TALBY'S CHAIR FLOATS BY

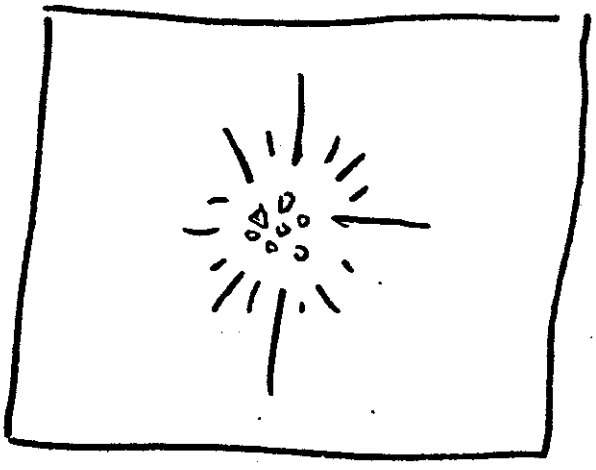


A PIECE OF DEBRIS FLOATS BY

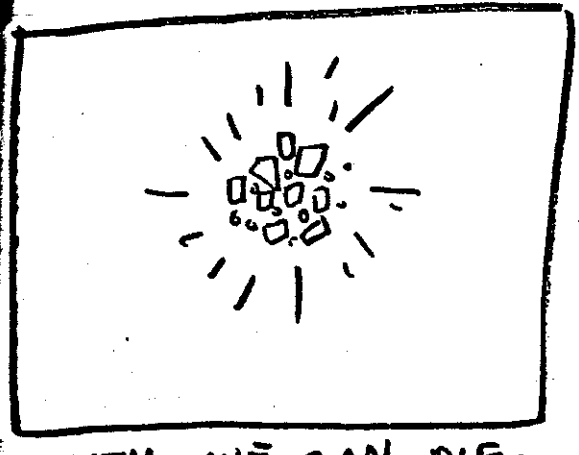
058



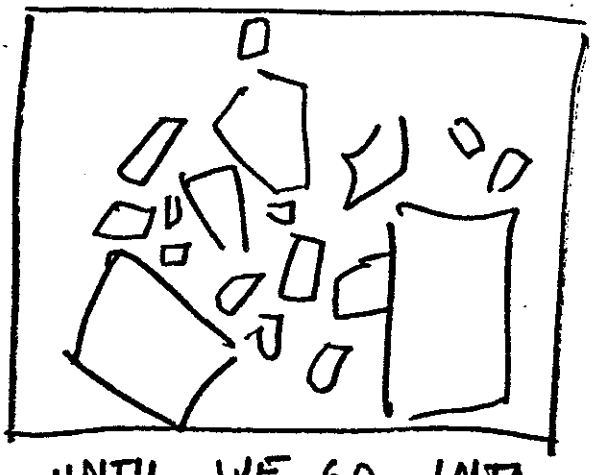
STARTS AS POINT OF LIGHT -



GETS CLOSER -



UNTIL WE CAN DIFFERENTIATE THEM AS TUMBLING BODIES WHICH GLOW SPECTRALLY

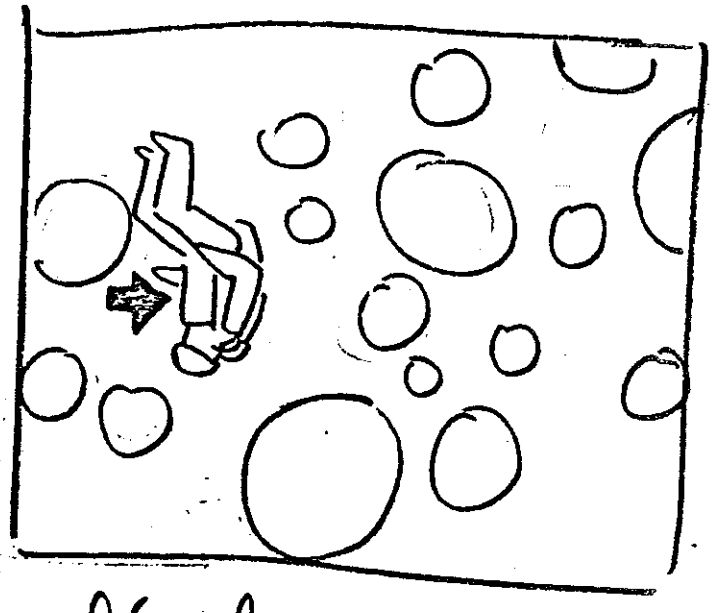


UNTIL WE GO INTO THEM, AND ONE COMES INTO CAMERA, BLOTTING IT OUT.

059

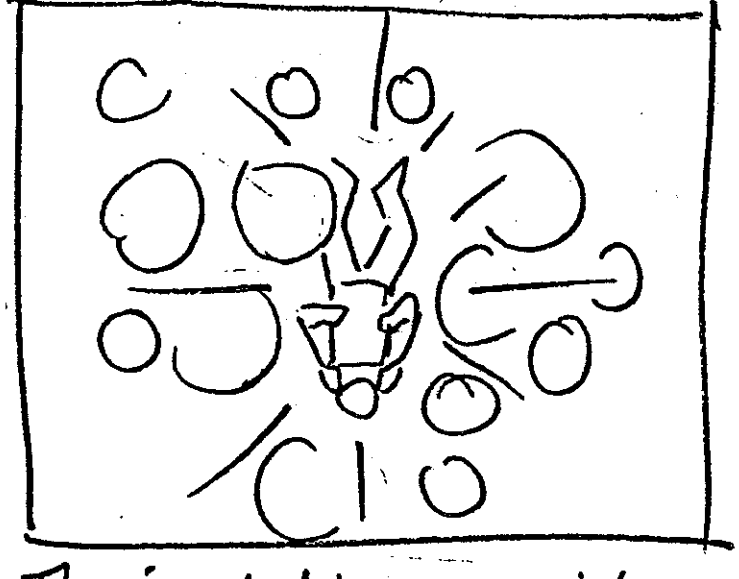
(TALBY DRIFTS WITH ~~[redacted]~~ FLOW OF ASTEROIDS) →

[HE BEGINS TO GLOW!]



Jim beginning to glow.

060



They're taking me with them (TALBY'S LAST SPEECH)

← (TALBY & ASTEROIDS DRIFT AWAY TILL THEY DISAPPEAR)

REVERSE OF SHOT 058

NOTE: MUST GET TIMING

(DOOLITTLE TWISTS & GRABS DEBRIS) (29)

061

Hey, Talby, I've got a piece of debris... and I think I've figured out a way!

062

HOLD ON PLANET - SUDDENLY DOOLITTLE ENTERS

END